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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 28, 1937

Seeking Sanctuary in Peiping

Chinese Non-combatants, Wounded During a Japanese Attack, Ask and Await Permission to Enter the City

Not two months have gone by since that incident on the Marco Polo Bridge at Wanpinghsien when Chinese soldiers mistook Japanese military exercises for something much more menacing, leading to pitched battles in North China; and scarcely a month has elapsed since a Japanese officer was resisted by Chinese guards as he sought to enter Hungjao aerodrome, near Shanghai, the Japanese navy in consequence coming into action. Thus on two occasions has a volcano been made from a molehill, and thus have two great nations drifted from incident to crisis, from crisis to fumbling but desperate conflict, with every day bringing fresh news of nightmare in which thousands of non-combatants—many of them Europeans—are inescapably involved. Two renowned cities—Peiping and Shanghai—have become storm centres, while from Canton, in the deep south, to Kalgan, by the Great Wall, the countryside is alive with marching men. The above graphic picture, which was taken during the first phase of the struggle and has just arrived in London, shows Chinese peasantry, some of whom had been wounded during the attack on the Nanyuan barracks, seeking permission to enter Peiping at the Yung Ting Men gate and being interrogated by the military police, whose orders were to admit nobody without credentials. Not long after this Peiping was evacuated by the 29th Route Army and to-day this place, which has for so many centuries been a rallying point of Chinese nationalism, is in the hands of the Emperor Hirohito's troops

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

TRAFALGAR SQUARE CAMEO: The pigeons are having the time of their lives these days with so many visitors to London eager to hand them out tit-bits

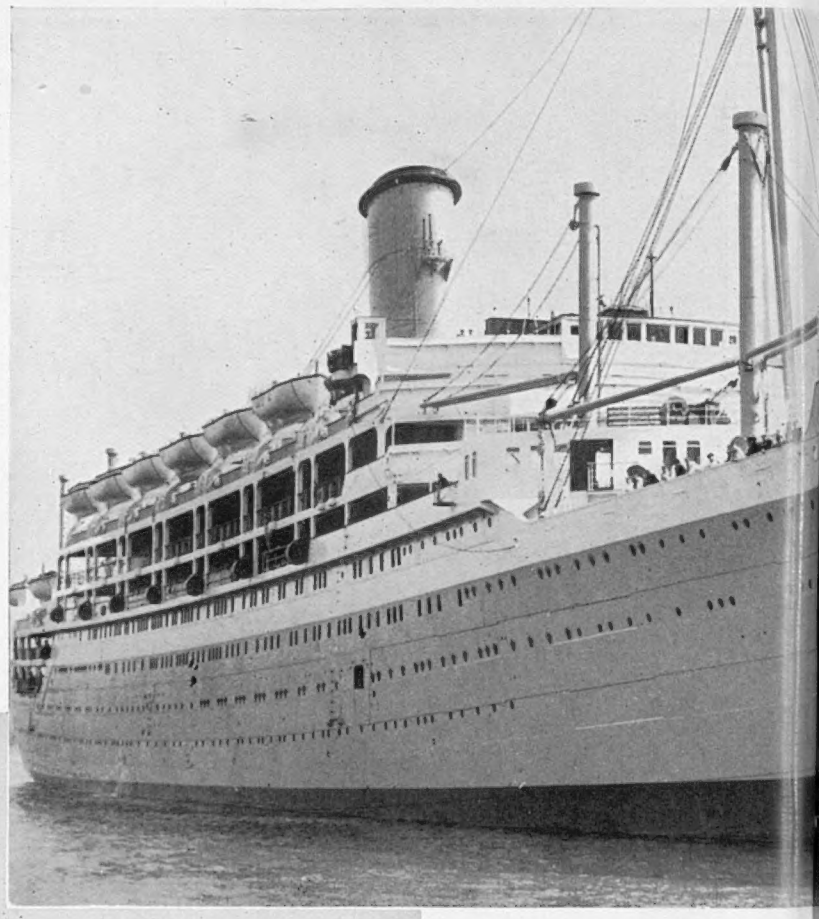
32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, August 25, 1937.

SHANGHAIED.—The fat is, indeed, in the fire, and hopes of averting a boil-over in the Far East have vanished—unless a miracle happens. None in Japan but junker juggernauts can want a major war, but her military hotheads, at least, wanted very badly that for which they were quite prepared to involve their country in war with another which is as unconquerable as she is vulnerable. For Japan, on the crater-edge of bankruptcy, a major war spells financial chaos. China, like a wounded whale attacked by sword-fish (if sword-fish act so unmannerly), may turn this way and that—turn even to the League, which is powerless to help—but she cannot avoid the sharp points of her agile enemy. For her a major war means the undoing of a generation of sound progress. The world's sympathy cannot fail to be with her, for she is not the offender. It is an extraordinary situation in which aggressor and injured nations alike are at the mercy of rival factions within their States. China does not lack strong men in Nanking. Chiang and Feng (the Cromwell of modern China) have achieved miracles. The Government of Prince Konoe would have found a way out; a united China would have never reached the present pitch in her relations with Japan. But Japan's hot-heads had their way. Japan's military dictators care nothing for the cost. They want to gain complete control in Northern China, and if frightfulness does not cow the Central Government into concessions, the price will be a bloody and long war, the bitterness of which has already been revealed. Meanwhile the Powers are in a very embarrassing position. Their representatives on the spot can do nothing but protest and dodge the bombs; and the Chancellories of Europe, with no clear co-operation by America, have no sanctions to enforce and no arguments which can be heard in the inferno. Indeed the weakness of Europe's position was evidenced by a protest to the harassed Mayor of Shanghai—Chinese Mr. Yui—against the bombing of the International Settlement. Mr. Yui gave a very short answer which again evidenced the weakness of the European position in the danger zone. He pointed out that the International Settlement after all is Chinese territory—a vast area of modern palaces and sordid, congested shacks—while alongside the wharfs all the warships stand jostled together side by side with trespassing Japanese vessels, and are not less vulnerable to aerial bombardment. It is a terrible mix-up and provides as lively a holiday season as one can remember since the war years. The Cabinet must be expecting a summons back to dusty Whitehall before its holidays have well begun. Meanwhile many British subjects—there are 11,000 of them in the zone—have already been with great difficulty evacuated, and by no means prematurely. They had a real taste of the inferno. It is a shocking look-out for our trade in the Far East. We can only leave it standing and run to safety.

THE SPANISH WAR.—When the Spanish War broke out, there must have been a preponderating opinion in Europe that it would not last many months. The lessons of the great war, and its confounding of prophets, are long forgotten. After more than a year, the opposing forces, according to expert opinion, are only just beginning to get into their stride, to organise for serious warfare. It is probably true that at the moment neither side has the man-power or material organised and available to "break through" the opposing defences. It is certainly true that Madrid is not *in extremis* and that the Government is in a better posture to plan and to counterplan than ever before. A country apparently cannot be bled white. Even Spain can live for years on its fat. A year of bitter and intensive civil war has taught Spain a lot about fighting, and it is a curious corrective to read of new staff colleges for training officers for the Government ranks and of many other cool and unhurried steps in an ordered plan for ultimate victory, on both sides. Always man-power must be each side's chief difficulty, for the war in its various sectors is being waged on a 1,000-mile front, from the Pyrenees to Malaga. Nobody has a very clear idea of the casualties on either side, but what seems certain is that, so long as "non-intervention" continues on its present limited scale, there is no prospect of the war ending with the decisive victory of one side for another year. Meanwhile Franco is winning another game.

MR. ATTLEE AT ABERDEEN.—Mr. Attlee is a pleasant speaker. His case against the National Government is so weak that it needs sugar to give it any taste at all. For Socialism's ideals are after all only the ideals of every decent man, and the difference between Conservative and Socialist, between National Government and Opposition, is only this:—that the former has the opportunity to implement those ideals and the latter has not. And the former is resolutely embracing its opportunity. A vast drive for better housing is in full swing; nationalisation is the order of the day and it is a policy which eventually demands constant observation and testing, since it is untried in this country which is highly individualistic. It is easy enough when in Opposition, to speak of employment for all, of a good life for all, and high wages and low standards of living, and of international peace and brotherhood to be won by a resolute policy and by leadership: but it is not so easy to convince even a primitive audience that there is in our political wilderness a band of statesmen able and ready to wave the wand which can produce these miracles for which all civilisation groans. The bombs explode over Shanghai, the guns speak across Spain, and the tell-tale figures of strangled trade account for the world's unemployment statistics and other incurable difficulties. Our present boom in trade can hardly survive these new obstacles.

ROOSEVELT'S LITTLE BILL.—It is the fate of all statesmen to find their fine phrases and moral platitudes come home to roost. Their opponents have the longer memories. Thus in 1932, his opponents remember, Mr. Roosevelt said:—"Any Government, like any family, can for

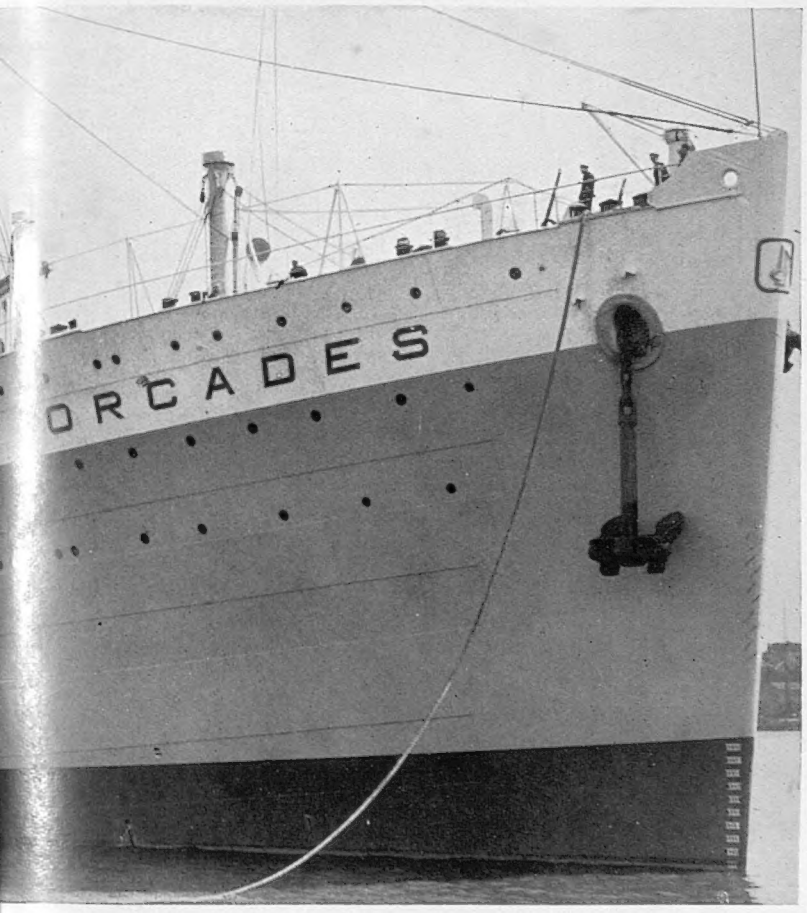


BRITAIN'S SEAWOMEN: Members of the party of 270 girls of the Sea Rangers branch of the Girl Guides Association going aboard the old training ship, *Implacable*, at Portsmouth at the start of a week's training in seamanship on this renowned vessel which shares with the *Victory* the distinction of being a survivor of Trafalgar. The *Implacable*, which needs further funds to defray the cost of its maintenance, forms the subject of an article on page 350 of this issue

a year spend a little more than it earns." And again: "I regard reduction in Federal spending as one of the most important issues of this campaign." Yet year after year since the President assumed office, the Federal expenditure has risen, not triflingly but in dollar figures which we in England cannot count. This year's estimate (if we regard as an isolated vote the little bill of 2,000,000,000 dollars in 1936 for soldiers' bonuses) will exceed last year's by a minimum of 1,000,000,000 dollars. A billion dollar rise in expenditure! Mr. Roosevelt is certainly a spender. The question at issue between his supporters and opponents is whether he is a wise or a reckless spender. To economise one thing is vital to be done—to fight the politicians. At the moment Mr. Roosevelt seems to be calling and playing the merry tune to which the politicians are dancing with zest with no thought for to-morrow.

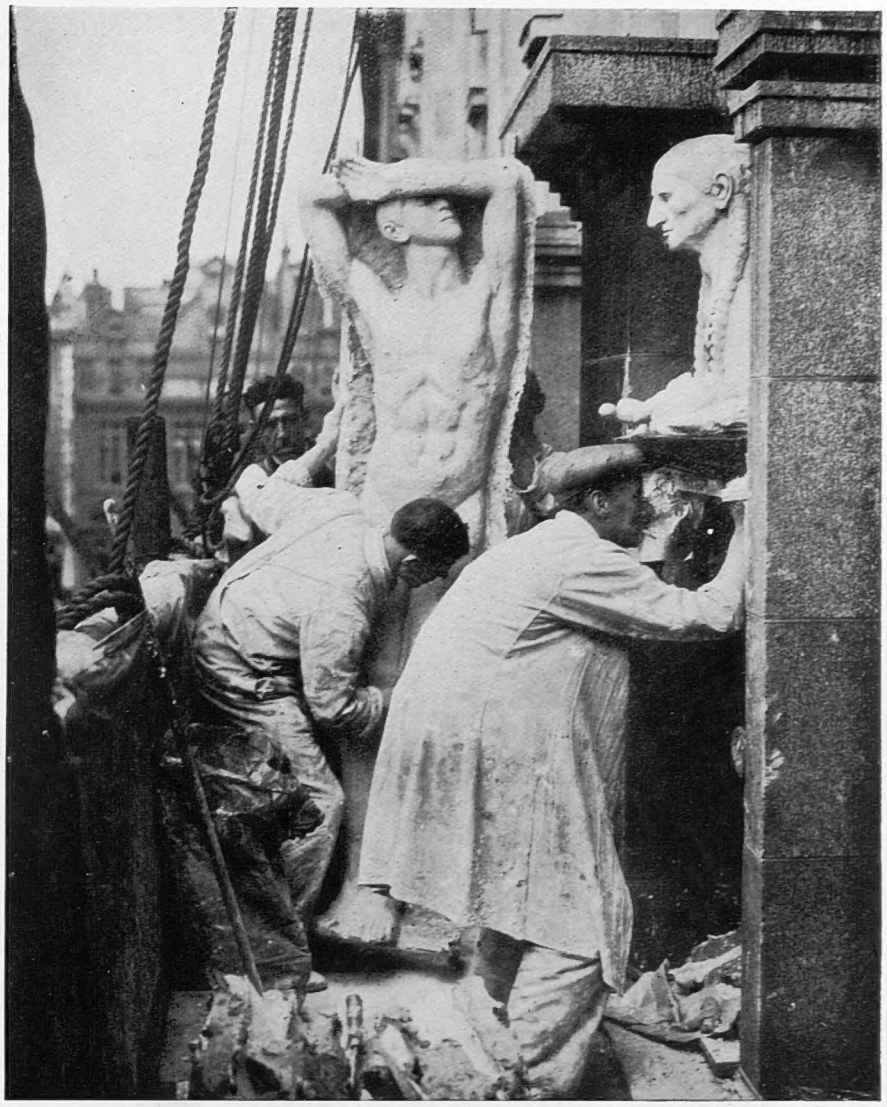
SIR HARRY LUKE.—Sir Harry Luke, Acting-Governor of Malta, has swum from the island of Gozo to Malta. It is 5 miles and he was 5 hours in the water. That is a holiday item which interested a small public which still has a taste for things laid-up in lavender and for the fashions of Reform-Bill England. And now Sir Harry has been 5 hours battling with the tides of the intricate Mediterranean and I have paddled with my small son on the Nairn beach. Sir Harry is as surely in his early fifties as I am, but it seems his way of life has kept him more supple.

GROUSE AND GROUSING.—My first day's grouse shooting brought me a pleasant surprise and a seasonable reminder that prophecy before the "Twelfth" is frail. Keepers get to know very much less than they imagine about the season's prospects during their walks abroad in the last weeks before the opening of the season. A good stock may be left at the end of the last season, a good hatch may follow in the early summer. But after that many chances may interfere with their hopes. Late snow, heavy rains, drought, all these may ruin the prospects, even where there are no signs of disease among the birds or the plant on which they feed. Of late years a novel factor has been added to these chances —the mystery of seasonal migrations. Is it possible that landowners and tenants have tampered too much with the moors, and in carrying drainage



A NEW OCEAN GIANT MAKES HER BOW: The twin-screw, 23,390 tons Orient liner, *Orcades*, sister ship of the *Orion*, which has recently been commissioned and has just started out on her maiden trip—a pleasure cruise to the Adriatic. This graceful vessel, built by Vickers-Armstrong Ltd. at Barrow-in-Furness, is remarkable for many improvements in design, affording increased amenities for passengers and crew; but what attract most attention are her single funnel and single mast, both unusual in a liner of her size. Internally the *Orcades* is sumptuously decorated and, it is a point of interest that some of her doors are made of elm taken from the foundations of old Waterloo Bridge

me. Sir Harry has lasted better than I. That energetic, versatile man is exactly my contemporary. Together we ate our first dinner in the Hall of Trinity College, Oxford, thirty-four years ago come October. He was Harry Lukach then, a youth of marked individuality and originality of thought, fresh from Eton. He was not one to follow the crowd. He preferred the by-ways and had a taste for the curious; and when deeds of daring were toward, Lukach was balancing on the chapel parapets while I was offering whispered advice from the quadrangle. And so it has gone on. He embraced a career of travel and adventure and change and action. I (except for those war years) conducted my hunting campaigns from an armchair. We both "embraced literature." His books are coloured and lively and carry the reader over the world's face, books which young people can read with zest. Mine, I fancy, appeal to programmes too far, have destroyed some of the amenities dear to grouse? We know still as little about the habits of the grouse as of the salmon, with all respect to that great text-book *The Grouse in Health and Disease*. Certainly draining has played the devil with salmon rivers, for it has everywhere shortened the periods when rivers are fishable after spates. The rivers rise and fall very much more quickly than in old days. Certainly the Inverness area has gone through bad times of late years—for grouse have been patchy and fishings uniformly unsatisfactory. In the Nairn area I was led by press reports and local gossip to expect a very bad grouse season. It was therefore a pleasant surprise to go walking over some patches of low ground heather scattered among the crops and to find an exceptionally good year with many strong and well-grown coveys—indeed as good a stock as I remember to have found in twenty years. In a short and leisurely walk six of us had no difficulty in bagging forty brace of grouse. . . . It was a charming beginning to another shooting season, with a cool breeze, a bright sun, and the ever satisfying view of the Black Isle beyond the Moray Firth to keep up one's spirits. But to turn to "serious shooting". A phenomenal bag indeed was reported from Perthshire which always had hopes of a fair season. On the opening day the Dun-alastair moor (7 guns) was reported to have yielded 1,300 brace!!! A bag indeed in a lean year! A portmanteau! Needless to say, the Highland journal which reported that bag in headlines was compelled to cut off the last nought next day.



EPSTEIN STATUES TO BE "AMPUTATED": Workmen making plaster casts of the figures adorning the exterior of Rhodesia House, Strand, prior to certain of the limbs being cut off in the interests of public safety; a drastic action that is being taken following the accident a short while back when part of one of the figures fell into the street, slightly injuring a woman. The casts are being taken as a record of the original appearance of these much discussed works

TEST PLAYERS.—The final Test match did not encourage British hopes for the Australian Tests next season. England showed up in sorry guise against a side of county standard, which took what honours there were in a foredoomed draw. It was the old story—too much anxiety and caution in our professional batsmen, who forever think of their own reputations and regard Test matches, however unimportant, from the statistical viewpoint. If ever there were grounds for taking risks it was then, and I doubt not a side of hearty amateurs would have gone nearer to victory. The selectors must feel gloomy after a season of careful watching. Where are the bowlers who are to bowl out what should prove a very strong Australian batting side? There is no consistency in fast or spin bowlers. In both classes individuals enjoyed a spell of success and encouraged our hopes, only to crack up with the strain of fast bowling or to lose their devilry. The team for 1938 is still to find; the veterans are still to be preferred to the youth which will not prove itself.

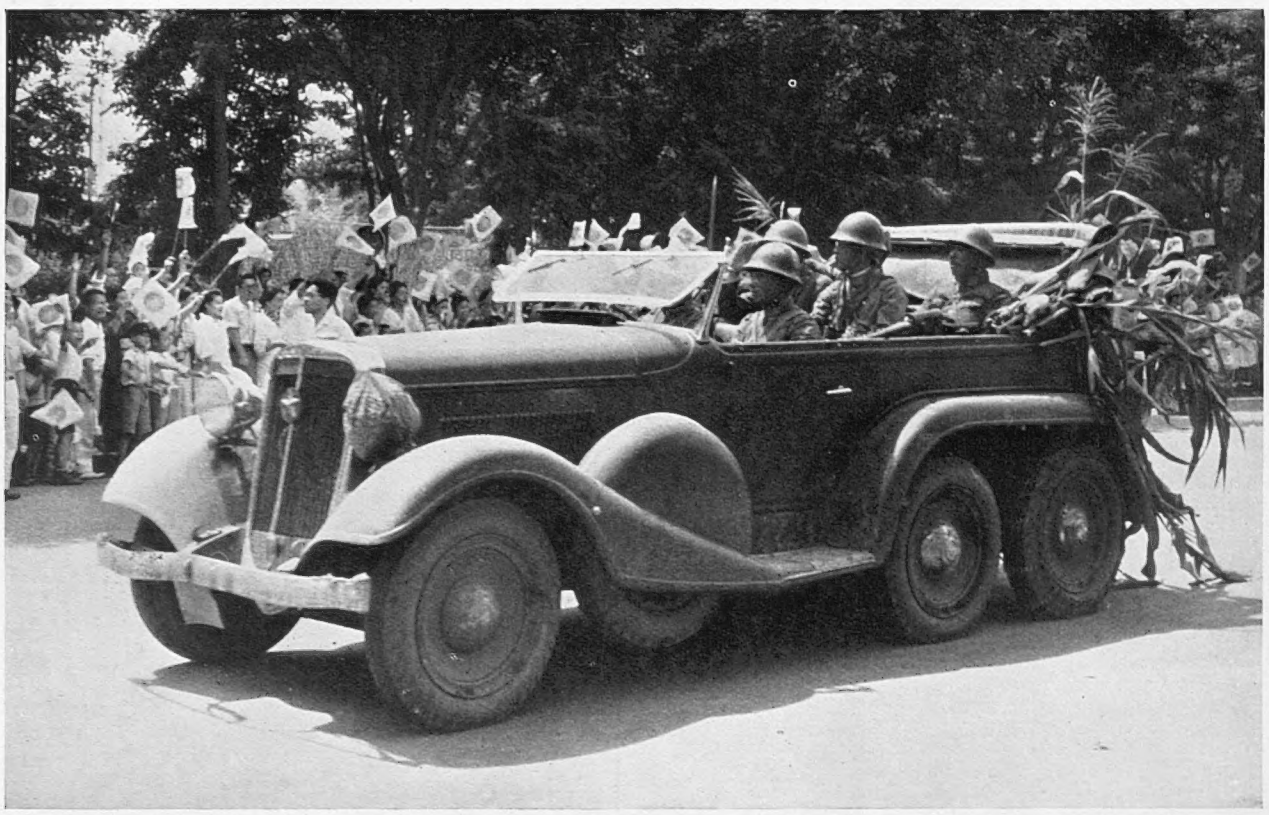
LITTER.—Can you cure a habit—a beastly habit—which is deep-rooted in four-fifths of the population? The beautiful county of Sussex is going to try whether, since all polite and even direct propaganda has failed, the policeman with his long arm can achieve anything. Once in a way hitherto a devoted man or woman has evoked the new, and still quite unknown, anti-litter laws and haled an offender before the Bench. Usually he or she has received from the magistrate scant gratitude for his trouble. Sometimes he has been called a busybody or "un-English." And indeed it is to be feared that the adjective is just. For dropping litter is a thoroughly English characteristic and most of the offenders act without guilty knowledge. They have not the smallest notion that the easy way with newspapers, bottles, and unwanted junk of all kinds is the way of the selfish juggernaut, the barbarian, the cad, the blackguard, the man lacking in taste and thought for others, lacking almost all the qualities which go to make a civilised citizen. Will a batch of convictions, well-advertised in the Press, set a reaction against litter on foot? I doubt it. Years of heavy fining and much publicity have not taught a small percentage of motorists that laws exist (and penalties are constantly enforced) to prevent the parking of cars on commons. The truth is, the Nation only reads headlines and only those headlines which portmanteau a "human story."

THE DUCE PRESENTS THE OLIVE BRANCH.—At the conclusion of his army exercises the Duce broadcast his usual speech to two publics—that combination of oil and pepper which is intended to soothe Europe and to stimulate Italians, and must somehow be contained in the same salad bowl; for Europe, the olive oil or olive branches. Undying friendship for Austria, Hungary, and Yugoslavia, for France more calm and harmonious relations along the frontiers, and for Britain a happier understanding. For these past acrimonious months were due just to a misunderstanding. Mr. Chamberlain's personal letter of goodwill did the trick. Just a storm in a tea-cup. All is now smooth and plain sailing. We, of course, tacitly at least, accept the conquest of Abyssinia and the Roman Empire. Italy acknowledges our rights and necessities all along the Mediterranean. The unpleasantness of anti-British radio propaganda fades out and the two great maritime powers are brothers. Then comes the pinch of pepper for home consumption. Italy is master of her fate and captain of her soul and the villain of the piece is, was, and will be not France, not England, but that League which judged Italy an aggressor and has never since raised her head. So perish all enemies of Fascism.

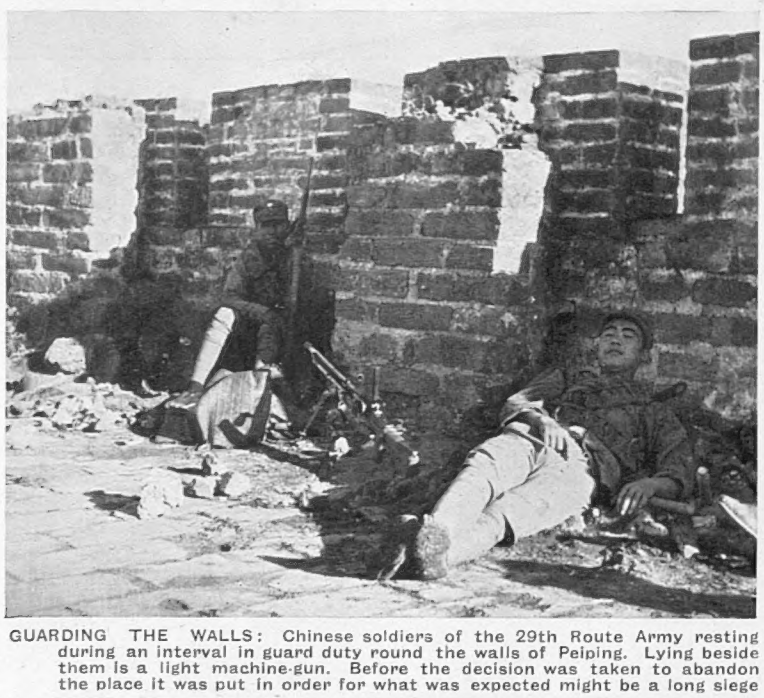
THE OLD STAGER

PEIPING OCCUPIED: SHANGHAI SHELLED

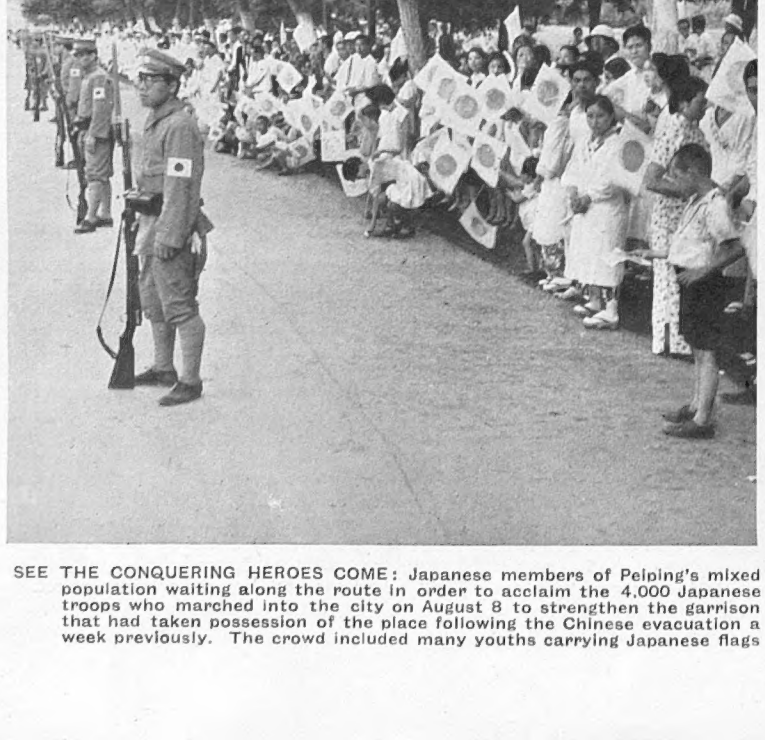
Two Centres of the Sino-Japanese Conflict that Continues to Rage with Unabating Ferocity



JAPANESE COMMANDERS RIDE IN TRIUMPH THROUGH THE STREETS OF PEIPING: Officers, with their car suitably garlanded in honour of the occasion, driving along one of the main thoroughfares during their formal entry into the city following its abandonment by General Sung Cheh-Yuan and his troops of the 29th Route Army which, finding their position untenable, retreated south-eastwards. Thus Peiping, once the focal point of the Chinese Empire, is in alien hands



GUARDING THE WALLS: Chinese soldiers of the 29th Route Army resting during an interval in guard duty round the walls of Peiping. Lying beside them is a light machine-gun. Before the decision was taken to abandon the place it was put in order for what was expected might be a long siege



SEE THE CONQUERING HEROES COME: Japanese members of Peiping's mixed population waiting along the route in order to acclaim the 4,000 Japanese troops who marched into the city on August 8 to strengthen the garrison that had taken possession of the place following the Chinese evacuation a week previously. The crowd included many youths carrying Japanese flags

NOW A SHAMBLES: The Sincere Store, belonging to a wealthy Chinese merchant in the Nan king Road (busy shopping thoroughfare in Shanghai's International Settlement) which reported to have been largely destroyed at the beginning of this week by a shell whic dropped without the slightest warning and produced a scene of terrible carnage. Th reports gave the very high figure of 100 killed with over 200 very seriously injure

Drawn by D. Macpherson

SHELL-SCARRED SHANGHAI: A diagrammatic sketch of the city, its environs, and river approaches, showing the main points and the position of the opposing forces. Those of the Chinese, extending from the left towards the right centre of the view, are shown white, the Japanese in black. The line swings past the North Station and loops round Hongkew Park to the border of the International Settlement, which lies along the left bank of the Whangpoo River. On the far side of the Whangpoo is Pootung, an industrial quarter, and much farther downstream is Woosung where, at dawn on Monday last, it was reported that 50,000 Japanese troops were being landed with a view to helping in the outflanking of the Chinese forces operating in the Hongkew area. When the British refugees left Shanghai for Hong Kong in the flotilla leader, *Duncan*, they were subjected to a murderous cross-fire from the Chinese batteries at Pootung aiming at the Japanese warships in the river

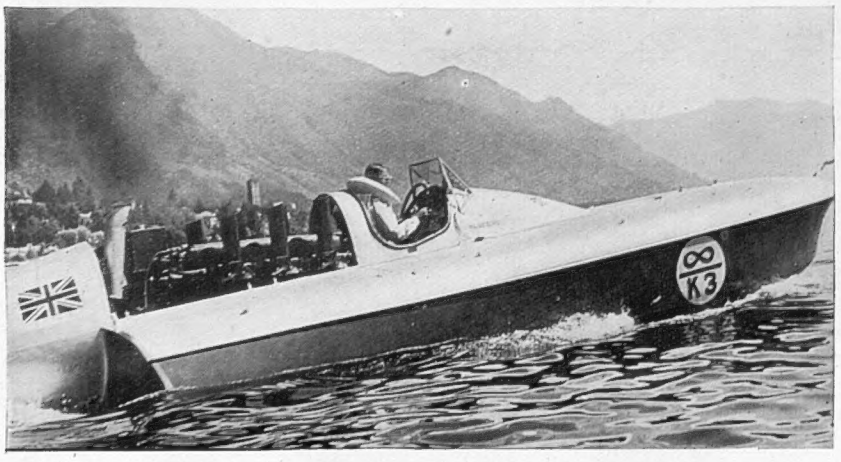
CORRESPONDENTS AND CAMERAMEN FORM AN UNOFFICIAL RED CROSS: The scene was pitiful in the extreme as these Chinese casualties arrived at the gates of Peiping after the force in which they were serving had suffered a severe reverse at Nanyuan. *Left*—Wounded quenching their thirst with slices of melon given them by a compassionate dealer. *Above*—A correspondent's car used for bringing men in from the battle; one of the casualties being tied to the bumper in front

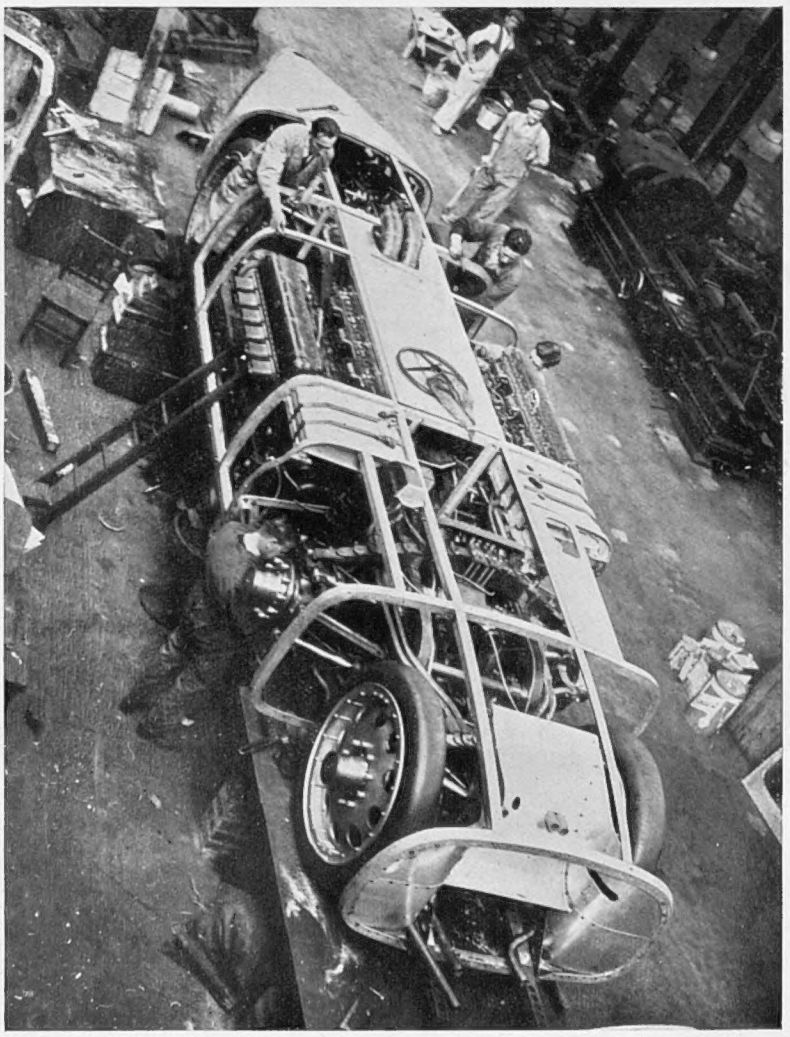
SPEED—LAND, SEA, *and* AIR:

Activity in the Spheres of Flying, Motoring, and Motor-boating; and a Demonstration by the Royal Engineers

THE ROCKING RESUSCITATION STRETCHER which is used for those suffering from asphyxiation, shown in action at a demonstration at Brompton Barracks, Chatham, of the wide range of war-time activities undertaken by the Royal Engineers. When this apparatus is employed the patient is strapped to a stretcher and rocked until regaining consciousness. Tubing connected with oxygen supply is fitted to his mouth

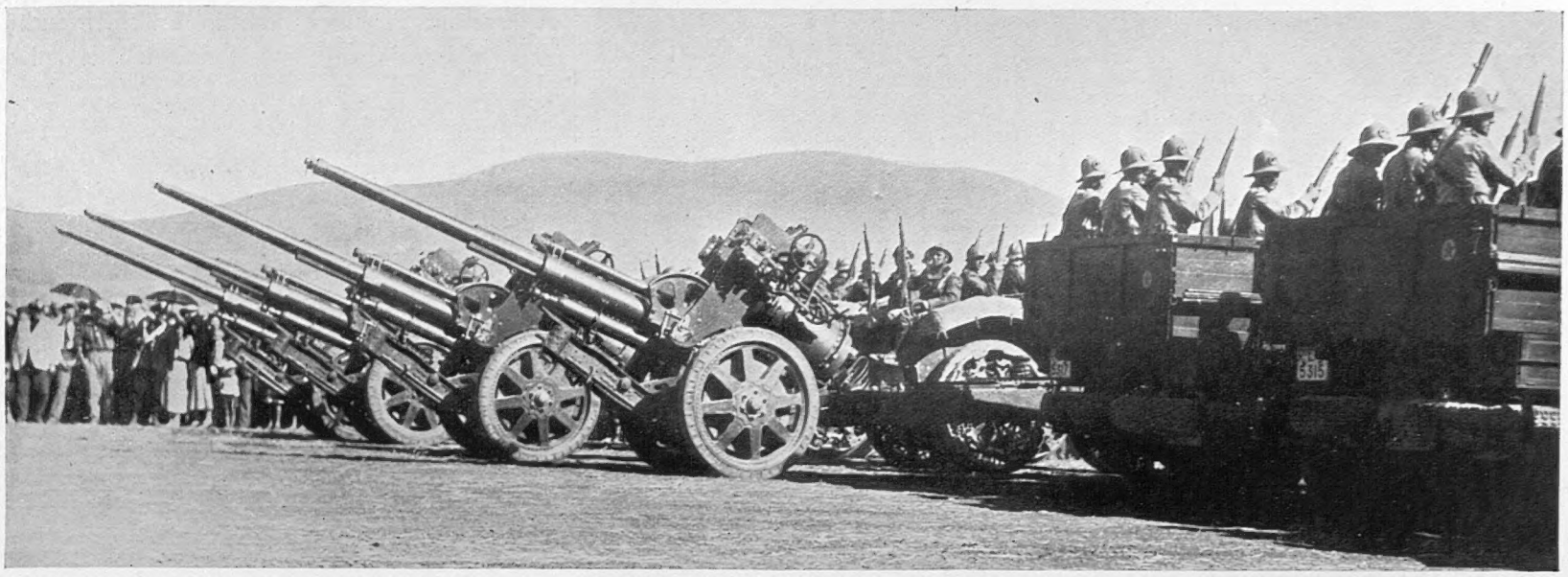
HEROES OF THE GREAT FRENCH AIR RACE: The Italian aviators, Cupini and Paradisi, acknowledging the acclamations of the crowd after landing at Le Bourget, Paris, and winning first prize in the £23,000 race from Istres, near the mouth of the Rhone, to Damascus, and back to France. Of the 13 machines that took part, seven reached the finishing line, the winners covering the 3,870-mile course at an average speed of 218 m.p.h. Italians also filled second and third places



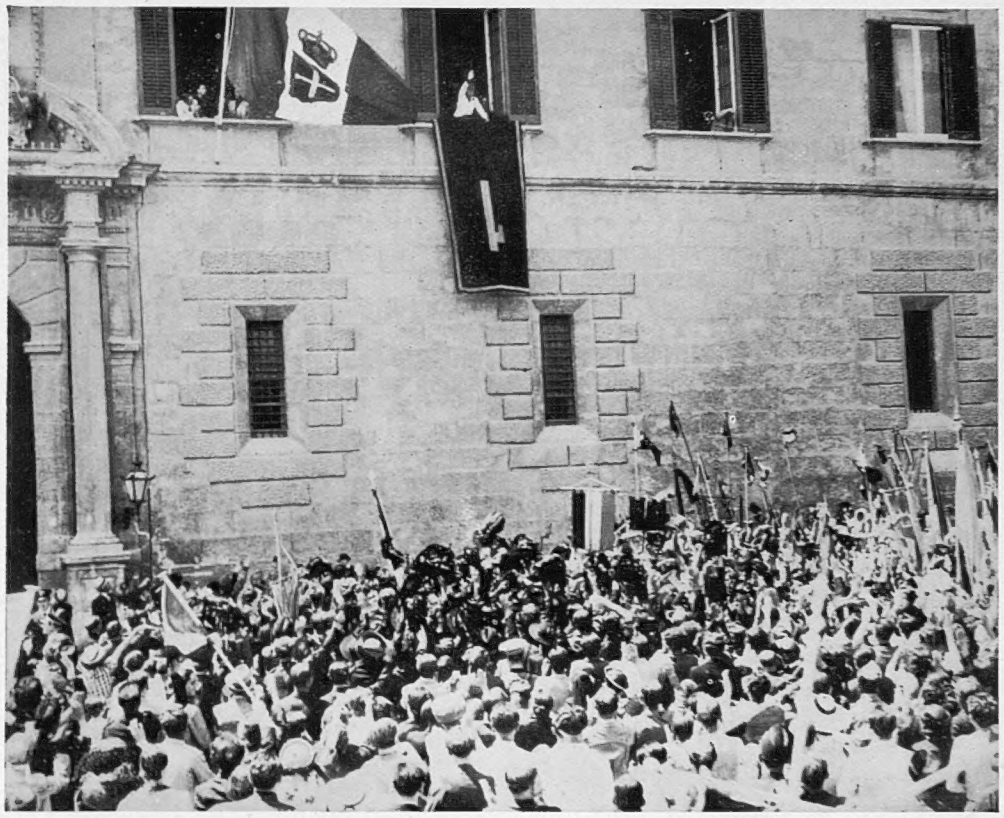


THE MILE DEVOURER: Behind the closely guarded doors of a workshop near Wolverhampton engineers are now completing the task of building this immensely powerful racing car in which Captain Eyston, its designer, is to attempt to attain a speed of 400 m.p.h. on the salt flats round Salt Lake City, Utah, thus eclipsing Sir Malcolm Campbell's long standing record. Meanwhile Sir Malcolm has gone to Lake Maggiore and is depicted (*on left*) at the wheel of his 2,000-h.p. motor boat, *Bluebird*. Last Saturday he made his first effort to beat Gar Wood's water speed record of 124·8 m.p.h. and, but for the failure of the water system, would very probably have succeeded

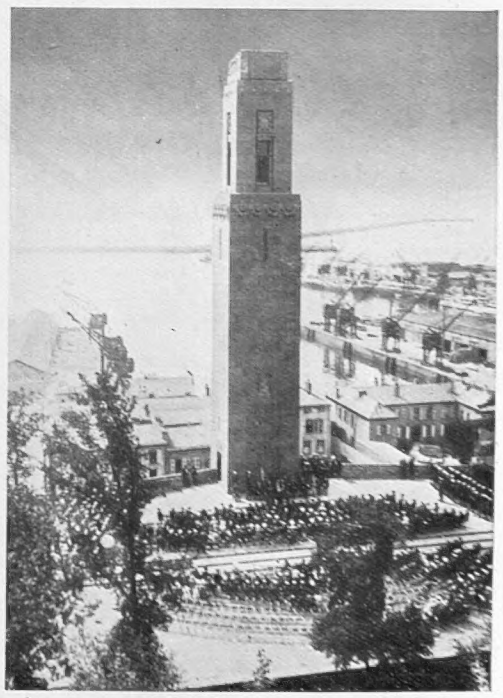
Italian Manœuvres Demonstrate Sicily's Impregnability



GRAND FINALE TO THE SICILIAN MIMIC WAR: Heavy artillery taking part in the big review of 50,000 troops held in the presence of King Victor Emmanuel between Salemi and Santa Ninfa, Sicily, following the conclusion of Italy's elaborate late summer manœuvres which this year took the form of an attack upon the island. After the battle Signor Mussolini stated in an address to officers that the "Campaign" had shown that an invasion of Sicily was impossible either by Mediterranean countries or by countries outside that sea, the defences having been strengthened during the past few years to meet every emergency

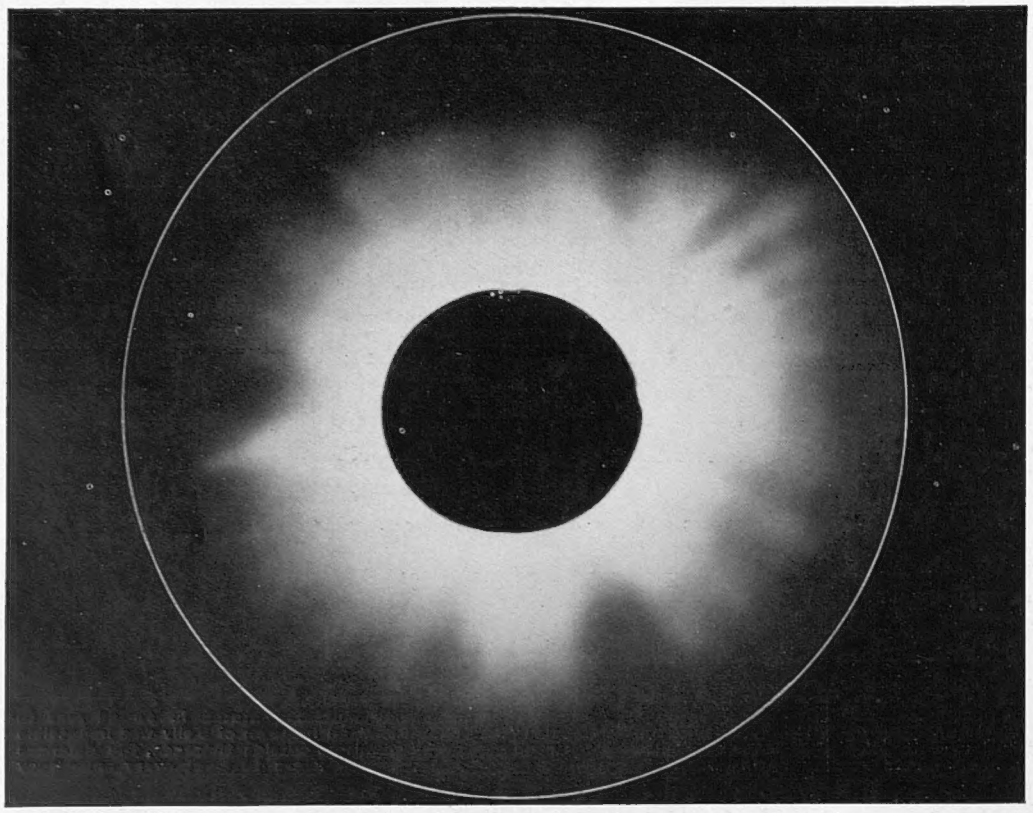


CHEERS FOR THE DUCE: *Left*—A glimpse of the crowd that gathered in Palermo to acclaim Signor Mussolini, who is seen standing at a window with arm aloft, after the conclusion of the Sicilian manœuvres which had shown how well equipped the island was to defend itself. The leader made a speech, which was broadcast throughout Italy and the tenor of which was most conciliatory towards Britain, indicating that relations between Rome and London had of late been marred by misunderstanding and that Italy's most fervent wish was to co-operate in the cause of European peace. *Right*—King Victor Emmanuel with Signor Mussolini



FLYING TARGET PRACTICE: The Austrian Secretary of State for War, General Zehner (left), inspecting an anti-aircraft gun at the military aerodrome at Oggau a few days ago when the various units fired at targets towed by military aircraft. Although the targets were for the most part at an altitude of 7,000 ft. and over, the gunners showed good marksmanship, scoring a fair number of direct hits. High speed calculating machines kept them supplied with moment to moment information regarding range

BREST'S CAMPANILE: This great stone tower, "erected by the United States to commemorate the achievements of the Naval forces of America and France in the World War," was unveiled recently near the docks at this French Naval base



LATEST TOTAL ECLIPSE LEADS TO NEW SOLAR THEORY

As a result of photographic observations made from an aeroplane while flying at a height of from 25,000 to 30,000 ft. over Peru when the total eclipse of the sun occurred on June 8 this year, American astronomers have come to the definite conclusion that the sun possesses a mysterious, outer globular envelope going beyond the corona to a depth in some places of 1,000,000 miles. The extent of this envelope, the gaseous content of which will from now on doubtless be the subject of intense research, is shown hypothetically by the white circle drawn in on this eclipse photograph. Few details are available at the moment, but what further information has been obtained will shortly be made known in an official report

YOUTH MARCHES PAST: The Scottish team, with St. Andrew's flag in the van, marching in front of the Egyptian team during the big parade at the international athletic meeting at Colombes Stadium, Paris

Aberhart over Alberta

Social Credit Schemes in the Western Canadian "Dust-Bowl" Revive Memories of Early Days

WHENEVER I read about the Western Canadian "dust-bowl," a certain little personal memory always comes into my mind.

I was living at the time in a little frame house on the outskirts of a prairie town in what it was the fashion just then to call "the Last Best West." Before that—before the railway came, that is, and the ensuing polyglot horde of immigrants—it was known as "the Bad Lands." It was too dry. Alkaline. Nothing would grow there. Nothing, that is, but sage brush, prairie weed, things like that. Things the buffalo used to live on, and after them the ranchers' herds. But farming—no!

We took a notion once to grow a lawn in front of our house. I suppose it came out of that yearning one gets sometimes for something really green on the bald-headed prairie (that was another of its names among the old timers), as a change from its monotonous brownness when it isn't under snow. Anyhow, we bought a sprinkler and a bag of grass seed and started in.

Oh, yes, the lawn came up all right! It came up fine. But not where we meant it to. The chinook—that strong, dry nerve-wracking wind of the West—began to blow just after we had sowed it. It blew for three days. And the result was that our lawn came up, all bright and green and refreshing, after a nice rain, about three-quarters of a mile away across the prairie.

That is precisely what has been happening on a vast scale all over the dry belt of the West. Only, of course, without the timely rain people's sowings never come up at all, not even three-quarters of a mile off.

There was something called Dry Farming, too, I remember. That was a great game in those days. Dry Farming! They had a Congress about it. A grand affair. The town was full of Dry Farming experts from Utah and places like that, the sort of folk that looked a lot more like an office desk and a fountain pen than a plough and the great outdoors. There was enough hot air going to put all the local central heating out of business.

"Humus"—that was the great word! You got your humus powder-fine, and you sowed your wheat, and then you just sat back and waited for results. "Tickle the prairie and it will laugh a harvest"—that was a great saying too. Only sometimes it—and you—laughed on the wrong side of your face.

There were drought years in the Bad Lands, to begin with. A succession of them. One season after another of poor crops or no crops at all. And on the top of them came high winds, sweeping across the dusty face of that lofty tableland that is the prairie, driving before them the powder-dry, powder-fine soil which was the legacy of Dry Farming theories so that it obscured the sun for days upon end in a sort of fog of suspended dust, leaving behind nothing but the bare, sterile, uncultivable earth which remained when the precious "humus" had gone down the wind.

(Continued on page 360)

SKILLED LABOUR AT A PREMIUM

A Pressing Problem Both in British Industry and Agriculture: Overtime a Palliative

WITHIN the past month I have had conversations with a Durham mine-owner, two Kent farmers, a district visitor in the same county, the head of a big aircraft concern in the West Country, the labour manager of a large constructional engineering firm, a Scottish shipbuilder, and serving officers in the technical branches of the Army and Navy. One would expect their outlook to be very different, but each and all of them mentioned the same pressing problem. That problem is the shortage of skilled labour and craftsmen, male and female, young and old, a shortage that is greater to-day than at any time since the industrial revolution.

The mine-owner, who is associated with a number of important collieries, showed how in all mining districts there is an unsatisfied demand for additional skilled men to open up new seams. Skilled coal-getters such as hewers and machine-men are almost unobtainable, and in certain localities there is also a lack of boys and youths to go into the pits and learn the craft of their forebears. This may seem absurd when there are some 130,000 workless men registered as miners, but not more than 20 per cent. come within the category for which there is a strong demand, and it is doubtful if many of them are fit, because of long idleness, to work underground again.

What makes the situation even more serious is that there is a growing demand for British coal in the home and overseas markets, but so long as there is a shortage of coal-getters the bulk of unskilled men cannot be given work.

It is a far cry from Durham miners to Kent farms, but in the "Garden of England" there is the same pressing problem. All through the county corn stacks are sheeted up because of the shortage of thatchers.

There was a shortage of shearers during the wool-clip and there is a diminishing supply of forestry-workers, hurdle and gate makers, hedgers and dairy-farm hands. Talk to the craftsmen—nearly all of them are old or middle-aged—and almost every one will tell you the same story. Either the young men want to get away to the towns, or they refuse to take the trouble to learn crafts.

The district visitor told me of the trouble in getting district nurses, and there is the same shortage of hospital nursing staff, so acute that one hospital in East Anglia has had to close some of its wards. Office managers in London and elsewhere complain of the difficulty in getting competent shorthand-typists, and the same dearth is being experienced by the Civil Service.

The problem of the engineering, aircraft, and shipbuilding industries is a general one. Welders, universal and vertical millers, tool-makers and fitters, grinders, riveters, assemblers, sheet-metal workers, coppersmiths and machinists are in urgent demand all over the country, but the supply of unemployed men capable of doing these jobs is virtually non-existent. Platers, oxy-acetylene welders and boring-mill operators are also almost impossible to obtain.

Men in work are doing long periods of overtime and there are complaints that certain firms are "poaching" skilled men from others by offering them wages above the standard rates.

What are the reasons for this shortage of skilled labour, and what can be done to remedy a situation of increasing seriousness? The basic reason in most cases is past or present economic depression. Agriculture has been passing through hard times since 1920, and 156,000 workers have left the industry in the past ten years. In most cases it is the younger generation that has left the land, especially youths and girls between seventeen and twenty-one, and most of the younger farm-workers have felt a lack of security and a consequent disinclination to learn a craft.

In the engineering trades the depression of 1930–35 resulted in a considerable fall in the number of youths apprenticed to learn the skilled trades of the industry. At the same time Socialist propagandists sedulously spread the idea that the introduction of high-speed machine methods of production spelled the doom of the skilled worker. Further, in considering the shortage of skilled engineers, it must be remembered that the number of unemployed engineers has fallen from 203,000 at the end of 1931 to 38,000 at the present time. In shipbuilding there has been in the same period a fall from 117,000 to 39,000.

The shortage of nurses is not a little due to this noble profession being one of the worst paid in the country. So many other and better paid professions are open to-day to the type of young woman who formerly took up nursing. The shortage of shorthand-typists is more difficult to understand, seeing that girls straight from training schools are asking—and getting—£3 a week in London as a commencing salary. It must be borne in mind however that the number of insured workers in the commercial, banking, insurance as well as the professional services has risen from 336,000 in 1927 to over 420,000 at the present time.

For the shortage of skilled land workers there is no immediate remedy, for the flow of labour away from the farms will continue until the national conscience is aroused and something really practical is done for agriculture. Prosperity is returning to engineering and in time the skilled labour situation will improve. The same thing may result from the present improvement in the coal industry, but of this one can be by no means certain. For the nursing services higher remuneration and better conditions would seem to be the solution. The day of the craftsman and the skilled worker is not over. Our young people—and the Board of Education—should bear this fact in mind.

J. Baker White

MAYFAIR IN EUROPE

Some Notable Holidaymakers on the Continent

AT DEAUVILLE

For the Sunshine

EX-RULERS FORGATHER

For the Orléans-Bourbon Wedding at Ouchy

AT SALZBURG

For the Festival

Two holiday pictures from two Continental resorts that are, as usual, attracting a host of London society folk. Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke (*on left*) are at Deauville, where the season is now in full swing, and the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, who is seen (*on right*) with Baron Mick de Sari, a striking figure in his *lederhosen*, is at Salzburg, which is, of course, thronged for the festival. Lady Oxford, it will be noted, has made only a slight concession to the craze for wearing Austrian costume

TWO FORMER KINGS AND A FORMER QUEEN WERE PRESENT when the marriage took place at Ouchy, Lausanne's lakeside suburb, of Prince August Czartoryski of Poland and Princess Dolores of Orléans-Bourbon, niece of ex-King Alfonso

of Spain who is seen (*on left*) kissing his grandchild, the daughter of the Prince of Asturias, at the church door. *Above* — Ex-Queen Amélie of Portugal and ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, seated on the left of the bride and bridegroom

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THE GERMAN PRESS TO-DAY: The Berlin daily newspaper, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* bears an historic name. The *Volkischer Beobachter* (*top*) is an official party organ, reflecting Hitlerian policy

JOURNALISTS *are* NEWS

The Expulsion of the Berlin Correspondent of "The Times" Raises the Question of the Status of these Men who, some aver, are Trouble-making Superfluities, and Others Believe are Guardians of the People's Liberty

By FERDINAND TUOHY

JOURNALISTS are news. Serves them right, some will say. Unfortunately it is no joking matter. The reprisal on Mr. Norman Ebbutt cuts at the bottom of what the democracies still hope to salve: *l'esprit humain*, the right to think.

Signor Mussolini's editing of Italy and the turning of the German Press into a yes-orchestra have lifted the foreign correspondent to a pinnacle of importance he never occupied before, not even a de Blowitz. The conscientious and unget-at-able foreign correspondent who does not sneer at or belittle the country to which he is assigned, nor distort her picture, marches in the van of the still free peoples. Did he begin to blur, it would be the beginning of a relentless but familiar process: end of freedom of speech and of assembly, government taking over of the radio, all literature, the stage and screen subjected to censorship, advent of a listening-in police, and dope, dope, dope.

Let us get this right. Having introduced "thought control"—*nth* degree of propaganda—in their own latitudes, the goal of the dictators is to see this commodity successfully exported to, and implanted in, those foreign countries that matter most and which persist in critical observing of the thought controlled regimes. The principal way chosen to attempt this rearing of a tame and to-heel, emasculated press in the democratic lands is to contrive the removal from the scene of their most authoritative and outspoken foreign correspondents and the supplanting of these by individuals who would "carry out their tasks in a manner more acceptable to the regime."

The removal of such a one as Mr. Ebbutt would be calculated to have twofold effect, did *The Times* toe the line. The new man, by more "pro" reporting from Berlin, would advance the Nazi cause and case in British eyes. And this new reporting of Germany by *The Times* would have no less desirable repercussion domestically for Hitler, in that Germans, so avid to see the foreign press, would now read how less critical London had become of the Nazi regime.

Following which dive into the inner workings; let us survey the life and doings of the gentleman in the news. Not Mr. Ebbutt, but the foreign correspondent generally, since all over Europe he is under varying degree of fire or discussion, some averring he is a trouble-making superfluity; others, that in his person rests "the palladium of a people's liberty." Even Geneva is not standing clear. M. Prato, editor of the *Journal des Nations*, was some time ago asked to leave, for no other reason than that his attitude was not pro-Fascist, while the eight Italian correspondents who behaved disgracefully over the Negus and were hustled out of the country have been reinstated.

Regarding Mr. Ebbutt, all that need be said is that if, in accordance with the policy of his paper, his name was unknown until now to the British public, we on the game had long since decided he was "the top," that his was the most difficult job in contemporary journalism and that none other could do it so brilliantly. For remember that in the totalitarian lands, whose papers give nothing but "treated" stuff, the F.C. has to go out and burrow for what has happened, himself, whereas in a place like Paris he can spread out a palpitating free native press on his desk and—glean. I hasten to add that one has to "go out" in Paris, too, but in very different circumstances.

The burrowing of Berlin can clearly be of the most ticklish description, in that the correspondent is striving to collect facts and news that are largely being concealed from the native population, this circumstance laying him open, if he isn't mighty careful, to something perilously adjacent to espionage in dictatorial eyes. One develops what is called *tuyaux*, pipes, or hidden sources—and herein the danger. Mussolini tackled the difficulty by passing a law rendering all correspondents who interest themselves in matters of military moment, open to arrest. Yet it is all so difficult. Where in Italy do matters of military consequence begin and terminate? So far the Duce has preferred to expel at briefest notice. Berlin and Rome, in lesser degree Moscow, must have expelled quite forty foreign journalists in recent years, including about ten Anglo-Americans. The first to go was Edgar Mowrer, President of the Berlin Foreign Press Association. Other jobs are always found for such victims; M. is now in Paris via Tokyo. On the eve of Hitler's taking power, he had appeared with a book adumbrating Nazism was putting back the clock.

I first met Ebbutt in 1930, when the late Lieut.-Colonel Thelwall, Commercial Attaché, produced a private room dinner at Horstner's, a great place now closed. Thelwall and I were dragged up in "Intelligence" together and "Uncle," as T. was widely known, thought I should meet people. Ebbutt was my neighbour and I learnt more about the then Germany of Bruening during that gargantuan and flowing repast than I'd picked up in the previous couple of years.

In Berlin at that time the foreign correspondents used to converge on a little Italian restaurant. It was their rendezvous base, much as the Napolitain

THE MAN GERMANY HAS EXPELLED: Mr. Norman Ebbutt, *The Times* correspondent in Berlin, whom the Nazi authorities have compelled to leave the country alleging unfair reporting

used to serve in Paris. But soon after Nazi ears began to develop—young gentlemen in incongruous dinner-jackets—and gradually the correspondents were frozen out. Their confabulations had been voted too intelligent and therefore dangerous. One fears that on a rapidly changing and deteriorating Continent, nothing has changed more than the deletion of such places. In Paris, it is now more often than not the Ritz bar, but nothing definite. Geneva retains its "Bavaria", cross-roads of the world's scriveners, famously decorated by Derso and Kelen, where Stresemann swilled his last in cosmopolitan public. And Vienna has the Louvre. Here I first met John Gunther, who has capitalised his correspondentship, if anyone has, and young Pembroke Stephens, then all keen on music and giving small hint that within a few years he would assume the mantle of Percival Phillips as best objective war correspondent.

Gunther's *Inside Europe* has fixed him for life: back in New York he henceforth can command much what he pleases. Publishers were out after such a book for years, and still are for a second. Nearly all the leaders of my vintage have been lured into authorship, four with booming results: Gunther, Duranty, Sheean, and Farson. Duranty went out to Russia temporarily in 1921 and came back *the* expert fourteen years later. In the interval he lost a leg in a tunnel at Havre, but that didn't stop his returning to *tchai* and cards and lots of things. Sheean's *Personal History* illustrates the sensational desiderata of a foreign correspondent's job. While he was trying to report Chinese Bolshevism seriously, his people were always cabling him to "get into personal adventure." Negley Farson's *Way of a Transgressor*, I think the best of all the bunch. I was in at its inception. One morning in 1934 I ran into Farson in the Strand, and over a drink he said, "I'm through. Resigned this morning (he was "London" for the excellent *Chicago Daily News*). They think I've gone too English and want me back in Chicago. Not going. Going Yugoslavia to fish. And perhaps write a book." And, lo, it was so.

This "going too English" or French or anything else is a constant pitfall. A foreign correspondent simply must retain perspective, and in a dual sense. He must remember his own nationality and he must not think he is the centre of the world each day. Other and bigger things are happening in other places. No doubt one reason the Foreign Office for long invited the Quai d'Orsay not to give the Legion of Honour to British correspondents was fear of their becoming too pro-French. We used to call it "writing for the ribbon," and having missed it, I agree with the Foreign Office. Of course you are predisposed in favour of a country if you go around flaunting its decorations. Actually, the French Government's punishment for being naughty—an Ebbutt—was to withhold the Legion whose chief value, I always thought, was that it extracted a much-needed politeness from Parisians and eased things when you got into a jam o'nights up Montmartre-way.

Opening his morning paper and espying, under a Paris date line, half a column of politics and one or two subsidiary messages describing a railway accident, a crime, or some new air feat, the lay observer is entitled to reflect: "What a soft time these correspondent fellows must have! An hour or so's work and probably scribbled off in some café or other!" That would hardly be correct. The printed result constitutes merely the outward and visible yield of as tangled and busy a day as belongs to contemporary journalism, a day in which the foreign correspondent has not only to be a fashioner and interpreter of news but also an executive chief in charge of a minor newspaper office in all save printing, his own manager, editor, news-editor, and often reporter, the representative socially of his firm, and by no means least *chef du protocol* and visitors' guide. In charge of America's second newspaper, I fell down on the executive side, having been thoroughly sapped by the visiting avalanche. To some, one could be "out," but when they bore down armed with letters from one's firm, yours but to surrender. Here are typical letters:—

"You are one of the four people I call friend. Do your best for this guy. He likes the usual trio and will pay his share."

"The bearer of this is virtuous, though she looks, and will try to make you believe, the contrary. Otherwise she is a charming companion and dances divinely, but keep her off D. H. Lawrence."

"I want you to meet Jules B. Morgenstern, one of our best-known fur dealers. Mr. Morgenstern is making an exhaustive study of the moral, economic, and political forces at present at work in Europe and would, I know, be mighty glad of any information you could put in his way."

Whereupon Mr. Morgenstern would occupy an hour of the busiest time of the day listening vaguely but refusing to go, his wandering eyes betraying the truth, namely, that he wasn't the least bit interested in Europe but had hit upon the notion of pretending to be in order to enter the fertile milieu of the U.S. correspondent, for business reasons. I often thought the one way to cope with the whole

(*Continued on page* 354)

IT HAPPENED BEFORE: Mr. Noel Panter, the Munich correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, who was imprisoned in Germany in 1933, and accused, among other things, of spreading atrocity reports. World-wide protests followed his arrest

YOUNG JAPAN FLOCKS SEAWARDS

Beach Girls Who Follow Western Modes and Western Ways

GLOWING YOUTH: A smiling girl after a plunge in the cool waters at one of the resorts round Tokyo. It is only of recent years that well-to-do folk in Japan have fully realised the lure of the beach and have taken to wearing smart bathing costumes

A PLUNGE IN THE SUNLIT SEA: Bathing in the waters of Tokyo Bay; a picturesque scene with the dark sails of fishing craft silhouetted against the sky

FASHION CONTRAST: The two girls walking ahead in traditional dress are geishas who are forbidden as a class to wear bathing costumes, but those following them are typical products of Japanese emancipation in their smart but scanty suits that so well set off their figures

BASKING IN THE MID-DAY SUN: Two more beach girls of modern Japan and (*on right*) another delightful scene beside the sparkling waters of the Pacific. Women as a rule predominate on the beaches

SHANGHAI—CITY OF

A COSMOPOLITAN HAUNT: The modernistic tower of Ciro's, the latest and one of the most exclusive of the many night clubs within Shanghai's International Settlement; a meeting place of both Chinese and European society folk

OF all the great picture towns of the world Shanghai is the only one left that has retained its old-time glamour, to which is constantly being added new thrills and fresh fields for the exploitation of luxury and poverty.

Budapest is supposed to hold the most beautiful women, but as a roamer of the world, I believe I am right when I aver that no city can hold a candle to Shanghai when it comes to a question of womanly beauty.

The Chinese women of Shanghai, whether they be the taxi girls of the dance halls, or the students passing along the Nanking road, are pretty indeed, but even they cannot compare with the Russian women one meets being jogged along Bubbing Well Road in rickshaws; women dressed in the height of Parisian fashion, pulled by half-clothed coolies whose existence is never more than a few inches away from the Rice Line.

Where but in Shanghai is there so much gambling? Fantastic games of dice . . . gambling at the pony race track . . . at the Canetorium . . . dog race tracks. What a city of gorgeous night clubs, luxurious hotels; what a city of crime and poverty. Drama in the streets, wealth galore, and plenty of starvation. A mad, mad city is Shanghai.

As I begin to write this article crisis once again hangs low over Shanghai which is practically an Empire within an Empire, if one can so speak of that once terrifically rich Empire of the East.

Cosmopolitan Shanghai is the seventh largest city in the world. The Chinese have a proverb which says something to the effect that "everything has a value in China"; this proverb is undoubtedly true in Shanghai. A Chinese friend of mine with a gift of observation pointed out to me in the Manchurian city of Dairen that things must be pretty prosperous there because the streets were littered with cigarette ends and nobody bothered to pick them up. In the Chinese section of Shanghai there are plenty of cigarette ends, but they are only seen for a split second, because eagle-eyed old men spring on them, pick them up, and put them into a tin where they immediately have a commercial value.

In 1933, when the Japanese used the city as a base to make war on the Chinese, the streets of Shanghai were empty except for Japanese troops. Every time there was a lull in the fighting hundreds of street sweepers would jump out of what appeared to be cracks in the pavement and, with their dustbins and brooms, sweep up everything of value. And there were many things of great commercial value, for there were brass shell cases and cartridge cases too. Again and again, the municipal authorities issued warnings that street sweepers were not to sweep the streets in the danger zone, but every time the coolies either ignored the order or pretended they had never received it.

Come with me in a steamer up the Whangpoo River and you will see something which points a moral to my story. What Shanghai calls the Bund, which is the waterfront, runs parallel with the river. The harbour of Shanghai is not only one of the most important and busiest in the world but it is also one of the cleanest. Not that the water is particularly clear, but nothing is to be seen floating in the murky yellow waters. In most harbours you will find half broken fruit crates, empty sacks, decayed oranges, and all kinds of flotsam and jetsam, but not in Shanghai.

The salvage boats start out as soon as a ship is sighted coming up the river, and these scavenger boats, as many people call them, clean up everything. The salvage boats are something like flat-bottomed punts and they are not very big and there is never a crew of more than two; one man to manipulate the pair of oars and the other to pick up everything which floats on the surface of the water. Very often the man who plies the oars and his wife pick up the flotsam, and any young children—too young to be employed ashore—pick up the jetsam. They tell you in Shanghai that there are never any seagulls to be seen. There is a story to the effect that every time a seagull happens to come up the river it is afraid to starve to death, so it flies back and warns other gulls not to call in at Shanghai, but to make for the shores of Scotland where even there they may be better able to pick up a living.

As soon as a big ship drops anchor off Shanghai several little salvage boats dart out to take a strategic position opposite the garbage chute. The scramble for position and the bad language used is something terrific. As fast as things come down the chute they are picked out of the water with flashing fingers; bottles and cans and scraps of food, nothing comes amiss; the bottles and the cans are sold and the food is used to feed the pigs.

Why is it that there is such a race to pick up all the floating rubbish on the face of the waters of the Whangpoo? The obvious and true answer is because millions of people in China live so close to the starvation line that they may be across it before they know it. The death of, say, 3,000,000 people from starvation in China is so ordinary that the Chinese newspapers do not devote much space to these happenings, but it is with Shanghai in particular, and not with China in general, that I am dealing to-day.

I do not think there is any place in the world where poverty and wealth rub shoulders so often and so closely as they do in Shanghai. Many a time have I watched a half-naked coolie jog-trotting along between the shafts of a rickshaw. He is thin, but very strong. Behind him sitting on the high seat is a most beautiful woman; she may be French, she may be English, or possibly German, but if she is very beautiful indeed you may be pretty sure that she is a Russian. All the way from Harbin in North China right down to Shanghai are thousands and thousands of Russians; they are stilled called White Russians, but I think that many of them might just as well reply to the term Russian. We are apt to forget that twenty years have gone since Lenin stood Russia up on its head. During that time thousands of Russians have been born in China.

In Shanghai all the prettiest hostesses in the dance halls are Russians. One finds Russian women selling newspapers in the hotel kiosks. One finds Russian dancers and Russian waiters and Russian

IN SHANGHAI'S BLUE BOOK: Mrs. C. F. Lin, one of the city's Chinese society leaders, and Mr. Walter Kwock, (right) a leading light in the business world, pictured arriving together at a charity function

THE LEADER OF THE BAND: Ermol standing at the microphone at the Paramount night club, Shanghai, where his orchestra is always a great attraction

CHINA'S ONLY WOMAN AIR PILOT, Miss Li Ya-Chin, a model aeroplane from Mr. K. Cheng, a well-figure in the banking world, at an Aviation Ball

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Tel-Aviv's Giant Play-Pens

THE BEACH, THEIR KINDERGARTEN AND PLAYGROUND: An impression of the foreshore at Tel-Aviv, Palestine's thriving all-Jewish seaside city, showing the giant pens shaded from the sun where the children play and also do lessons in the intervals of being on the sand. The pens are erected by the schools. *Inset on left*—A little Jewish boy stares at his nurse with wide, wondering, black eyes as he has his nails cut

NATURE DODGES THE QUOTA: Jewish immigration in Palestine has been at a low ebb of late, permits being issued to only a small proportion of those wishing to reside in the country. These youngsters, however, who are seen enjoying themselves in one of their play-pens on Tel-Aviv beach, belong to the growing army of children born to immigrant parents, thus swelling the Jewish population of the Holy Land and possibly unbalancing quota restrictions

America's Reigning Family:

A Glimpse of the Public, Social, and Domestic Life of the President and of the First Lady of the Land

IN THEIR SECOND TERM: A recent study of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt taken on the occasion of the funeral of Senator Robinson, the Democratic leader. The President and his wife will soon be engaged on their fifth winter of arduous social engagements

THE social life of the President of the United States represents in many cases a blending of contrasts found nowhere else in the world. It represents a constant struggle between the demands and privileges of the country's predominant political position and the necessity of maintaining some semblance of private family life.

Where the President has a large family the difficulty is great. With the Roosevelts it is all the more so, because their family interests and private lives are so broad and diverse, both as regards the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, that each would have had a very full life had Franklin D. Roosevelt never been elected to sit in the White House.

Few people realise that Mrs. Roosevelt was a prominent writer, speaker, and social worker in her own right even before her husband attained the Governorship of New York State. For many years she has commercialised these talents as a means of financing social work which even the ample family income could not afford.

Much has been made of the fact since Mr. Roosevelt became President that his wife has earned—turning all her receipts over to charities—in the neighbourhood of £15,000 per year, but this is not much more than she earned prior to 1933.

Although the family position of the Roosevelts and a fortune still held by the President's mother, Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt, has brought them into lifelong contact with probably the most leisured class in America, they long ago forsook the sort of life which centres around Newport, Tuxedo, and similar American resorts.

The President since 1920 has been intensively occupied first with recuperation from an illness which brought him to the most helpless state and which he conquered only by the exertion of an extraordinary will, and then with his public career. Mrs. Roosevelt undertook the threefold task of supervising her husband's care, rearing her five children, and maintaining the numerous social-service activities which always exerted a strong fascination for her

As a result the Roosevelt homes, both in the rambling old mansion overlooking the Hudson River, at Hyde Park, N.Y., and in the imposing twin town houses shared in New York City by the President and his mother, have been retreats rather than centres of social activities. It is doubtful if there has been a formal ball in either place since the great war, except for the season some years ago when Anna Roosevelt, made her debut.

The President dislikes extremely formal functions, but graciously and gracefully undergoes the ordeal of hand-shaking at the series of formal receptions held each winter in the White House according to established custom. He enjoys, however, small dinners and is probably happiest on a picnic.

Many years ago he constructed an open fireplace on an ideal picnic site set in the seclusion of his property at Hyde Park. Since moving to Washington he has "spotted" half-a-dozen sites where he may go with hampers and a small group of intimate friends for a couple of hours relaxation on any day there is a break in his official routine.

Since Mrs. Roosevelt heartily shares these tastes, there is little wonder they take every possible method of escape from a White House routine that has become an extraordinary burden on a man who also is the executive and administrative head of a government.

AMERICA'S BUSIEST WOMAN: Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt who, in addition to her round of social activities as "first lady in the land," finds time to assist her favourite charities by making money at radio broadcasting, column writing, lecturing, and film advertising. She has many critics who freely declare that she should occupy less of the limelight, but they are far outnumbered by those who applaud the value of her public work

AT A BOSTON PARADE: James Roosevelt, who assists his father in executive work in the White House, wearing for the first time the uniform of a Lieut Colonel of the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve

The so-called social season in the United States begins usually early in November and continues until Lent. In that time the White House is the scene of from one to three formal dinners weekly, at least five large formal receptions with guest lists ranging as high as 2,000 persons, besides countless smaller functions arranged on the spur of the moment as occasions demand. Additionally, spring brings garden parties and teas.

These large functions are actually inhumane for, instead of merely walking through the crowds, bowing and chatting with a few friends, custom forces the President and his wife to stand in a receiving line and shake hands with each visitor. This foolish custom is credited in the United States with having done more damage to the health of Presidents—of whom a surprising percentage have broken down as the result of holding that office—than the responsibilities of the Presidency.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt tried throughout their White House residence to maintain a conservative individualism

(*Continued on page* 354)

THREE GENERATIONS OF ROOSEVELTS AT WORK AND PLAY AT HOME AND ABROAD

Franklin Roosevelt, Junior, a son of the President, and his bride, the former Ethel du Pont, wealthy American society girl, are pictured on left during their recent honeymoon visit to Venice, while the President's wife (*centre*) is seen playing her part in a charity mannequin parade at Cornell University, and his mother (*right*) is shown making a tour of the ruins of Pompeii. The Roosevelts are truly an indefatigable family, intensely democratic in outlook as well as in politics despite their New England ancestry

Chicago's Display of Period Rooms in Miniature

ON A LILLIPUTIAN SCALE: This really lovely Georgian room, with its panelled walls and diminutive furniture, the whole no bigger than a lady's hat box, has been made by Mrs. James W. Thorne, of Chicago, an expert in this work, and together with 27 other miniature period rooms was recently placed on exhibition by Chicago Historical Society

"THE SPANISH BEDROOM": Another of the striking miniatures planned and made by Mrs. James W. Thorne and placed on exhibition by the Chicago Historical Society. Here the walls are of old-gold brocade while the head of the bed is the top of an antique, gold comb, encrusted with coral and ivory

MRS. JAMES W. THORNE standing in front of one of her miniature rooms to the creation of which she gives so much enthusiasm, time, and patience. Careful and often prolonged preliminary study is always necessary, and on occasion Mrs. Thorne has visited famous French châteaux and English houses in search of rooms to copy

THE ITALIAN DINING-ROOM is one of the most perfect examples of Mrs. Thorne's art, and was inspired by the renowned Davanzati Palace in Florence. With its corner chimney-piece, old nail-studded shutters, carved cross beams, and rough tiled floor, it embodies, despite its minute size, the Italian atmosphere to a truly wonderful degree. The picture hanging over the credenza is a copy of a Botticelli and was found in a dingy little village shop on the banks of the Tiber, while the chairs were discovered in Rome. The other pieces are for the most part reproductions made by cabinet-makers skilled in small-scale work. Queen Mary, who has been much impressed by a series of photographs of the exhibits, has advised that the Georgian Room be acquired by the South Kensington Museum

Canada's Indians Hold their Own

Not the Dwindling Race Many Believe Them to be

THE Red Man is not dying out in North America. Official figures do not agree with the popular belief that the Indian is a vanishing race. In fact the census reports of the Indians show that he is increasing in numbers, not only in Canada, but also in the United States. The last census taken by the Indian Affairs branch at Ottawa in 1934 shows a population increase among the Indians looked after by this Government department, from 104,894 in 1924 to 108,012 in 1929, to 112,510 in 1934.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics in its 1931 census showed a total Indian population in Canada of 122,920, the highest since 1901 when 127,941 were recorded. There was a drop of 22,000 in 1911, and an increase to 110,596 in 1921. The discrepancy of the two sets of census figures is caused by the fact that the Indian Affairs branch only looks after Indians who remain wards of the Government; the Bureau of Statistics covers the entire population, those on reserves, in the bush, and those Indians who have become full privileged citizens of the Dominion.

Reasons for the increase in the Indian population are mainly because of health supervision. The system of medical education and medical attention started many years ago is bearing fruit. There are over 500 doctors and dentists employed by Government departments to look after Indians on full and part time. There are a number of hospitals, a field nursing service, while sick Indians are in addition treated at over 200 public hospitals. At the Indian boarding and day schools the children receive constant medical and dental examinations. They are placed in various health groups and receive medical treatment which will make them as near normally healthy as possible. In recent years Indian school children have not suffered from much more than measles and whooping cough, and no large epidemics of major communicable diseases have been recorded. Schools, health education, regular inspection by Government doctors, have aided the population increase and blocked the spread of tuberculosis and trachoma. These diseases are now being overcome.

A HOME IN THE BACKBLOCKS: Grey Owl, the Apache Indian who is so well known in this country for his work as a naturalist and nature writer, with his wife, a full-blooded Ojibway Indian woman, outside their forest cabin. They represent the enlightened Canadian Indian of to-day

The new generation is learning at 79 boarding schools and 270 day schools, with an enrolment of over 18,000 children. In addition to the usual curriculum the boys are taught trades and the girls household science. They are also taught to live the white man's life, so that as many as possible will be able to take out full citizen papers if they are economically able to make a living and are in good health. About 2,000,000 dollars a year are spent on Indian education.

Under the Indian Act an Indian can shake off the protection of the State which treats him as a ward. He can become a full citizen, and in the older provinces of the Dominion he is taking advantage of that clause in the Act.

James Montagnes

While most of Canada's Indians live on reserves, many still live in the northland where they hunt and trap for fur, help at trading posts, do work at police posts, missions, and the mines. Those on the reserves farm and do industrial work near their reserves. When they are in need through bad crops, or a bad fur year, Government aid is given them.

On left—CHILD OF THE FORESTS: An Indian baby born on one of the reserves near Banff, Alberta. From infancy onwards a paternal Government assures its wellbeing

A VETERAN OF THE ROCKIES: This old Indian chief from Western Canada is wearing one of the "treaty medals" struck to mark the ceding of Indian territory to the Government in exchange for a perpetual annuity

NEW YORK *acquires a* HOGARTH CONVERSATION PIECE

THIS early and characteristic work by William Hogarth, depicting the marriage of Stephen Beckingham, a member of a distinguished legal family in London, and Mary Cox, is the first example of this great English artist's work to have been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and has recently been placed on exhibition there. It is known that the wedding of this couple took place in the little parish church of Saint Benet's, Paul's Wharf, but Hogarth seems to have exercised a certain amount of artistic licence and made the setting in what appears, with certain important modifications, to be St. Martin-in-the-Fields. It was with small conversation pieces such as this that Hogarth succeeded in revolutionising English painting in the eighteenth century, helping materially to oust from popular favouritism the rather grandiose canvases that had previously been the vogue, and that had been suitable only for display in the great mansions of the wealthy, not in the less pretentious homes of the "merely well-to-do"

WHITE WINGS UPON THE CORNISH SHORE: Gulls on the sands at Looe, that fishing port so typical of Britain's lovely West Country which now, in its August heyday, is attracting the usual flock of visitors

YOUTH AT THE HELM: It was Children's Day when this picture was taken on the Meare at Thorpeness Regatta, Suffolk, as these two youngsters cleverly handled their craft in the race for "skippers" under twelve years of age. Fairly boisterous conditions prevailed, so the boys had every chance to show their skill, and it was quite surprising the number that acquitted themselves really well

REAPING TIME BESIDE THE SEA: It took two men six hours at Croyde, North Devon; quick work considering that the in most parts of England has long since given way to th thoroughly in the picture as he knows full well what to

SEASIDE *and* COUNTRYSIDE *in* LATE SUMMER

SEEKING INSPIRATION IN THE MIDLANDS: Artists at work near Stoney Middleton, Derbyshire, where Mr. Stanley Royle, a Canadian art teacher, has formed a class

s to cut this two-acre field near the foreshore ey employed the old-fashioned hand scythe that he high speed mechanised unit. The dog is xpect as the work nears its end—"Rabbits"

IN SEARCH OF THE SEA'S BIG GAME: Colonel Peel, one of the most enthusiastic of English tunny anglers, playing a fish on his line off the Dogger Bank, where he and a party of friends have enjoyed the first real sport of the 1937–38 season. Colonel Henn, Chief of the Gloucestershire Constabulary, who was among those on board the colonel's yacht, caught a 700-pounder which should certainly prove one of the season's biggest catches

JOHN VAN DRUTEN BRINGS TO LIFE THE LONDON OF 1911: In this period play at the St. Martin's, entitled *Gertie Maude*, Hargrave Pawson plays the part of "Rags" Cartwright, a typical stage-door Johnnie, and Carol Goodner has the title role as the girl who lives her brief, hectic, butterfly existence in the luxurious flat in Maida Vale where she finds life and love entrancing enough with her "friend" to pay for everything

DRAMA:

"Gertie Maude," a Strange Combination of "La Dame aux Camélias" and a Novelette: A Keith Winter Drama in "Regina" Setting

MR. John van Druten has written better plays than *Gertie Maude*, at the St. Martin's. I would, indeed, go so far as to say that all his other plays have been better plays. But having decided to evolve a combination of *La Dame aux Camélias* and a cheap modern novelette, he has done so in workmanlike fashion.

"Workmanlike" is not, however, a word to associate with the spirit of romance and a story of the woes and joys of a minor actress, and that is why the play so often disappoints. Mr. Van Druten's photographic method of allowing his people to talk and talk about not very interesting things which have little to do with the play suggest padding when those people talk on the stage; though the picture of people talking dully is realistic enough, since that is precisely what most of them do in real life. Yet with all this photography, I could not feel that *Gertie Maude* had much association with reality; it was not so much that the author did not make his characters larger than life (which is the correct romantic method), as that there was considerable difficulty in believing in them and their doings.

The period chosen is 1911, which is not remote enough to be picturesque and is without the advantages of modernity. The heroine is a chorus girl of, roughly, *The Quaker Girl*-cum-*Merry Widow* epoch, which means that to 1937 she merely looked dowdy, though Miss Carol Goodner, who plays the part remarkably well, has beauty as well as brains

JUVENILE LEAD: Fourteen year-old Annabel Maule gives a noteworthy performance as Sheila, the stage-struck child, in John van Druten's new play *Gertie Maude* which provides such dramatic fare at the St. Martin's. With her in this scene is Carol Goodner who plays the title role

IT MAY BE AUGUST but "non-stop" must go on despite the heat, so these ladies of the chorus at the Windmill spend their spare time on the roof of the theatre. This popular show is now in its ninety-fifth edition

BACK TO WORK: Merle Oberon, who has been absent from the Denham studios ever since the motor accident that compelled her to give up her part in *I Claudius*, is once again in harness and is seen here reading the script of *Divorced Lady X*, her first techni-colour picture which is now being made under the direction of Tim Whelan

MARTA EGGERTH, pictured here in the swings and roundabouts episode in *Chanson du Souvenir*, a film that is enjoying a world-wide release success, is now to be seen in London in the European première of *A Castle in Flanders* in which she maintains her reputation for romantic acting of a high order. It is at the Berkeley Cinema, the Curzon's new rival in Mayfair, which has mapped out a most attractive autumn programme

and wears those garments which nowadays seem so odd, as well as it is possible to wear them. Why most of the action takes place in a big house near the Marble Arch it is difficult to understand, since the owners of the house have nothing to do with the story and are never seen.

Gertie Maude, the chorus girl, who was "a bad, bad girl, but good, good company" drops into tea and to chat in the servants' hall. She also visits the nursery of the little girl of the house, waits until the kid has finished her supper and her nocturnal ablutions, and then sits on the end of her bed to sing her to sleep with the Waltz song from *The Chocolate Soldier*, before setting out for the theatre. I was not altogether unfamiliar with chorus girls in 1911 and that I never met one who did that sort of thing is no proof that some did not. Yet—"it all seemed so strange, so strange."

Stranger still was the death-scene of Gertie Maude. She had become the mistress of the Honourable Something-or other to whom she had given that heart of gold. When she learns that he is engaged to be married to a girl of what in those days was called "his own walk of life" (now the stage walks everywhere) she swallows an overdose of sleeping-draught. Just as this is beginning to take effect, the humble adorer in her own walk of life—a waiter in a club in Dover Street—enters and makes violent love to her. When he realises that she is a dying woman, he takes, at her request, the "Honourable's" gifts, enclosed in a chocolate-box with a nice pink ribbon and, promising to drop them in the Regent's Canal, goes out whimpering and leaves her to sob her heart, and her life out alone.

Reviewed by Philip Page

Any man, adorer or no, waiter or no, with the gumption of a small child, would have rushed for a doctor, having first caused her to indulge in the life-saving if unromantic process of being violently sick. Mustard and water or a finger down the throat will usually do the trick.

Talking of children, there is a ubiquitous one in this play—the child Gertie Maude sang at. That I am in a tiny minority in my taste for child-performers is a matter as fortunate as it is possibly unimportant. Whaur would be your Freddie Bartholomews the noo if all the world thought as I do? Not even at the Shirley Temple can I worship. Miss Annabel Maude plays this talkative imp remarkably well, and even survived the ordeal, inflicted by the author on her and also on the audience, of displaying at great length a toy theatre in her nursery.

As an exhibition of precocious talent this was quite astonishing. Yet long before it was over I was tired of that stage nursery and wished clever little Miss Maule fast asleep in a real one.

Miss Goodner's Gertie Maude is a fine piece of work; she makes the play worth while. Surely here is the most versatile of actresses—uncanny in her chameleon-like knack of changing her whole personality and appearance. In this case we have an American talking English chorus-girlese without ever lapsing into American—well, hardly ever.

Most people will recall her performance as the fluffy blonde (the part poor little Jean Harlow played in the film) in *Dinner at Eight*. Since then she has been extraordinarily good in quite different types of character in two extraordinarily dull historical plays. I hear that Greta Garbo may play Hamlet. She would not be nearly so realistic as Miss Goodner as Henry VIII. And Miss Goodner could play Ophelia the next night with perfect verisimilitude.

"Old Music."—Mr. Rex Whistler, not a Victorian, is an artist who specialises in Victorian *décor*. The late Mr. James Whistler was a Victorian—an American Victorian—who succeeded in removing his style about as far as possible from that of the period in which he worked. Which may

ENTR'ACTE AT REGENT'S PARK: Members of the cast of *The Tempest* taking tea during an interval at the Open Air Theatre where, thanks to the fine weather, audiences have been well up to expectations

be part of the essential cussedness of things. The day may come when Mr. Rex will cease to be so consciously and so conscientiously Regina. There is a world elsewhere.

But for the moment Mr. Whistler is wisely content to keep on going while the going is good. He has made a great success with the scenery of *Victoria Regina* and of the same mould and pattern is his scenery at the St. James's Theatre for Mr. Keith Winter's play *Old Music*, which is not musical but is unquestionably old.

One might have been tempted to regard the play as merely an adjunct to the setting. For a little while it looked so much as if, as the natural sequence to his success at the Lyric Theatre, Mr. Whistler had prepared that same Victorian flamboyance of plush and crimson and gilt (with some Crimean uniforms thrown in), and that Mr. Gilbert Miller, the impresario at the Lyric as well as the St. James's, had commissioned someone to write a play round it.

Doubts are soon dispelled. Plays as good as this are not written round anything or anybody and are certainly not written to order. If he has chosen to cast his play in the 'fifties, with a prologue and an epilogue in the 'eighties, what matters its superficial period-charm provided the play can rise above its crinolines and crimeanderings?

I do not think *Old Music* is a perfect play by a very long chalk; it is based on an impossible non-human foundation, it has at least one unnecessary character (played well, of course, by a child called Maule, of course), and its "heroine" is imperfectly sketched. Yet, it has poise and reality, for the most part, and its characters live. I could not, however, believe that the flawless ex-governess Judith, a faithful and adoring wife, would have kept more or less by her side for thirty years the woman she knew had murdered her (Judith's) husband. The explanation is that in some morbid way the murderess's presence gave her a quaint joy, much like that which can be obtained by prodding an aching tooth.

Stuff and nonsense! When a woman loves a man she just does not do that. Nor does she, as Judith did, sit silent while it is agreed that her husband shot himself, and make no effort to point out that he had been killed before her eyes by a selfish sex-ridden trollop of a woman whom she had loathed long before that trollop had become her husband's mistress.

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PÊCHE MELBA FOR FILM FANS: Grace Moore is as lovely as ever and in as good voice as ever in *For You Alone*, a Columbia picture in which she co-stars with Cary Grant. The story is conventional in the extreme with an extra specially happy ending, but enthusiasts won't mind that

JEAN HARLOW'S LAST FILM: The glamorous blonde star, whose tragic, early death has robbed the screen of one of its most delightful personalities, figures on the screen at the Empire, Leicester Square, in *Saratoga*, a horse-racing drama, also featuring Lionel Barrymore (left) and Clark Gable (centre). The picture is in itself a wonderful memorial to Miss Harlow

August Days Beside the Sea

TWO AND A TRAILER

A hot weather picture from Perranporth, that delightful Cornish resort famed for the grandeur of its rock scenery and its golden stretch of sand which, in this the greatest of the year's holiday months, is animated by happy throngs of visitors

ON the ROCKS

A medicine-ball game beside one of the thirty-six railway caravans on the foreshore at Heysham

BEACH GIRLS

Parading for the lady judges at Cliftonville's contest held to discover the girl with the most graceful deportment

DOWN TO THE SEA IN TEARS

This youngster takes his pleasures sadly or perhaps it was that he just did not fancy a trip on his mother's "fun-boat" on the beach at Guilane

WATER NYMPH

Andrée, of Gaston and Andrée fame, poses at the head of a bathing pool water chute

THE CARNIVAL TOUCH: This girl wore a giant mask purporting to represent Clark Gable at the recent beach festival at Venice, California, an annual affair that always has a special comedy feature. This year most of the big stars were caricatured by such grotesque headgear

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TERBURY PILGRIMAGE

Just as in Chaucer's Day They Still Flock to the Scene of the Martyrdom, but How Differently They Go and in what Very Different Mood Do They Contemplate the Goal of Their Journey

By W. HOLT WHITE

instead of three hours, but I know I would rather have ridden with that company.

Anyhow, there I was at Christ Church Gate, in the Canterbury of the Danes and Normans, the Canterbury of St. Augustine and Anselm and Becket and the Black Prince. The Canterbury of Chaucer and "Kit" Marlowe, Izaak Walton of the *Compleat Angler*, Gray of the *Elegy*, and "Tom Ingoldsby"; and last, but by no means least, the Canterbury of Charles Dickens.

It was as "Boz" that Dickens wrote:—"In the sunny street of Canterbury, dozing as it were in the hot light; and with the sight of its old houses and gateways, and the stately, grey Cathedral with the rooks sailing round the towers . . ."

The street, without a doubt, was sunny; but it by no means dozed. The roar of the motor traffic reminded one of Piccadilly. Old houses? Yes, Canterbury has a tenacious way of clinging to its old houses. Within sight was the Sun Inn where once stayed David Copperfield and his redoubtable aunt, Betsy Trotwood. But now it is being "poshed up" in a manner which would have made Mr. Micawber weep into the punch he brewed in his washing basin.

I stepped through Christ Church gateway and looked at "the stately grey Cathedral with the rooks sailing round the towers." The towers rose up into the sky and round and round them sailed the rooks—how many generations of rooks since Dickens' day—since Becket's day?

It was now the hour of three in the afternoon and pilgrims from many lands were surging through Christ Church Gate. Now, for some inscrutable reason, three is the hour appointed for Evensong. There must be Evensong, but why at three when pilgrims are flocking at their thickest? So for the best part of an hour pilgrims sat in the transepts listening to the faint but interminable service; or stood weary-legged in the nave; or clustered outside. A hundred or so Belgians stood chattering without; Boy Scouts of some nation I could not place were squatted on the ground. The organ ceased in the choir; the little procession of clergy and choristers faded slowly up the north choir aisle, and the pilgrims flowed in. Vergers, serene, commanding, stemmed the rush. Their generalship was perfect. Within a few seconds they had marshalled the mass into parties and were marching them off, striding like colonels at the heads of their battalions.

With my party of pilgrims were some Russians who said "Da! Da!" like a Greek chorus to the plodding tale of our guide. We moved from place to place, we craned to see the thirteenth-century windows. At the tomb of the Black Prince, his effigy no longer black but glittering like gold, a little German girl rounded her blue eyes and exclaimed "Ach! schön! schön!" so loudly that a gaunt, scholarly American took his beak out of his guide book and laughed. He laughed kindly, but he laughed.

But all of us in that polyglot procession seemed to be waiting for something. We were. We were waiting for the telling of the tragedy which still grips the world—that "Murder in a Cathedral."

We came to it at last in the little north-west transept which is still known by its ancient name of Martyrdom. Our guide was a good guide. He told his story well. The scrambling in of the Archbishop and his monks from the cloisters. The rushing in from the winter evening twilight of Fitzurse, de Moreville, de Tracy, and Richard le Breton. The Archbishop turning back with dauntless courage to face them, taking his stand by the pillar from which in his great strength he flung de Tracy to the pavement. Blow after blow fell and Becket sank down to die, commending his soul to God;

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"THE PILGRIM'S STEPS," broad, uneven, and worn by the feet of countless thousands of the devout, leads to the spot in Canterbury Cathedral where once stood the jewelled shrine of St. Thomas

THE CANON'S YEOMAN (*left*) who overtook the twenty-nine Canterbury Pilgrims on the road and later, as an orthodox churchman, told the tale exposing the fraud of alchemy, and (*right*) the drunken Miller

ame given to the north-west transept, scene of ecember 29, 1170, by the four barons, Hugh eginald Fitzurse, and Richard le Breton, who cut the Chapel of St. Benedict and the passage to marks what is believed to have been the exact spot

THE HERO OF CRECY IN THE RESTING-PLACE HE CHOSE —A MONUMENT NOW REVEALED IN ALL ITS BEAUTY: This effigy of Edward, the Black Prince, on his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral has recently been freed from the grime of ages and, so well has the work been done, even the gilding above the Flemish bronze has been in part revealed. It is truly a sight not to be missed by the modern pilgrim. The Black Prince knew and loved Canterbury, and it was there that he went in the first flush of his triumphant youth in order to give thanks after the attainment of victory

BOOKS FROM THE SLOT are the latest innovation in the Charing Cross Road where the newest volumes of the popular sixpenny Penguin Library can now be obtained in this manner. You merely press a numbered button, corresponding to the title you require, and out comes the book

The WORLD *of* BOOKS

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

MISS M. J. Farrell is a novelist I admire. She writes succinctly and at the same time fully, so that none of her characters is spared and none of them lacks that clarity of outline which is perhaps her speciality.

With **THE RISING TIDE** (Collins. 7s. 6d.) this gift of delineation shows more clearly than in any of her former books. It is not long, and yet three generations, from the beginning of the century to the present day, are observed, commented on, and dismissed as fully and satisfactorily as in the most exhaustive of sagas.

The scene is Ireland again, and a Victorian mamma who rules her family of daughters sternly, arranges their marriages and is on terms of smiling but heartfelt enmity with her son's wife. That wife, Cynthia, personifies the next generation, the generation that is going to inherit Garonlea but not its tradition. Beautiful, well-dressed, hard-riding and hard-drinking, Cynthia is the antithesis of all that is meant by Lady Charlotte's world, and Cynthia in turn, when her lovers grow casual and her children independent, is relegated to the same secondary position.

Clearly there are some characteristics in people with which the author has no sympathy, and she seems to enjoy castigating the overbearing and the overruled, and, in a less understandable way, old people. Children are nearer her heart and she speaks their language. Her descriptions of the little brother and sister on hunting mornings, green with fright, feigning eagerness, and "each feeling that the other was better equipped to deal with its beastly pony," could not possibly be better, and these passages are typical of the best things in the book.

A good hater and a good liker, Miss Farrell is one of those rare people whose pen keeps pace with their quick brain.

Waiters, with newspapermen, burglars, and staff officers are current biographers. Only the most exceptional biography of the classic *Fifty Years in Darkest Cheltenham* type now has any appeal. Broadly speaking, the most successful life stories at present are those written from a confidential and behind-the-scenes viewpoint. Whether it is stage, politics, or underworld revelation, the reader is becoming used to the unusual. Anything else, unless written with quite masterly charm and wit, begins to seem banal.

"COMING, SIR" (Harrap. 8s. 6d.) is the autobiography of a waiter and extremely entertaining it is. One would have to be unimaginative, and insensitive even, past all reckoning, not to speculate occasionally on the kind of life a man leads, of whose existence one only knows his civil appearance beside one's table. Their lives "off" must be such an amazing contrast to the imposed formality of their work.

But speculate as I might, I have never envisaged such a career as Mr. Dave Marlowe's who, from saloon-boy on an English liner, has been steward, waiter, bar-tender, bootlegger, and hi-jacker's victim. He has known New York during the prohibition-cum-boom period, worked for racketeers and world-famous crooners, been arrested, black-jacked, fired, and promoted, known the smug propriety of Bournemouth hotels, and the hazards of diamond smuggling on Amsterdam boats, and has come through it all with a fairly water-tight philosophy and the knack of telling a story.

The publishers say that they have corrected a "few verbal infelicities." I think I could have endured those from a man who can dismiss the subject of charity balls in one well-chosen sentence.

By analogy Mr. H. S. Hoff's novels are *soufflées*, or Japanese windflowers, or dachshund puppies, or Christmas tree decorations, or anything that is either airy and delicious or faintly comic. I don't think that he achieves real wit, which is the gift of the few, but he has a genuine amusingness of his own which made me laugh aloud as I read his **LISA** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.).

Mr. Hoff's plan so far (this is his third book only) is to describe a series of light, almost evanescent affairs with a series of charming girls. He is in love with one girl, a second, a third, and so a trilogy of books is completed, for Mr. Hoff has an engaging way of identifying himself with the hero that is disarming to the critic.

Through all his adventures he is shadowed and observed by the beautiful American, Caroline, who has the same brand of gay amorality in common with the Mr. H. of the books, but a single-mindedness that he could never emulate. She means, in fact, to marry him, and by the last page of the most recent book is perilously near getting her own way.

Now I suppose we shall never know if she succeeds, and Mr. Hoff will turn his attention to something equally incalculable, the loves of two midgets, perhaps, or a treatise on angel fish. One thing only is predictable. It will be a delightful love story, and a very funny treatise.

Lynching parties, as they are sometimes called with a horrible kind of levity, are about as grim a manifestation of mob hysteria as one can imagine. If it were necessary to find arguments against anything so obviously indefensible one would cite the danger of exciting such uncontrolled madness and the utter uselessness of the final act, since the victim is usually a person already under sentence of death.

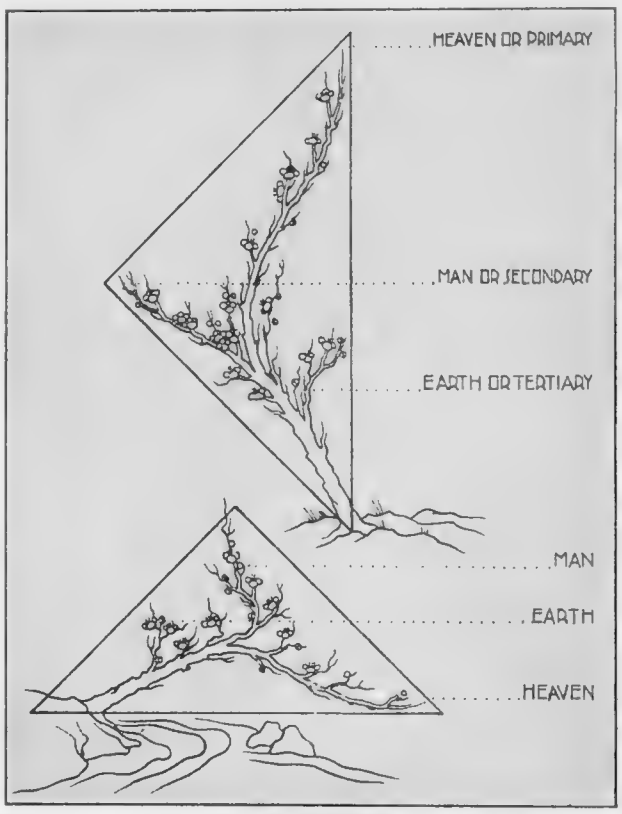
It is common knowledge that these lynchings still occur in the United States. In most cases they take place in the South, and it is generally a case in which public opinion has been roused by a negro's assaulting a white woman or killing a white man. The colour question is apt to arouse violence very easily and at such moments cool heads are very few and far between.

HOW SLEEPS THE BEAST (Constable. 7s. 6d.) is a twenty-four hour story of a murder, an arrest, and a lynching. A white girl is assaulted and killed, the negro responsible is arrested, more than half mad with fear and bad whisky and, in the evening, the crowd storm the gaol, get their man, and torture him with devilish ingenuity until his long-delayed death. The aftermath of shame and apathy is conveyed with as brutal candour as the rest of the story.

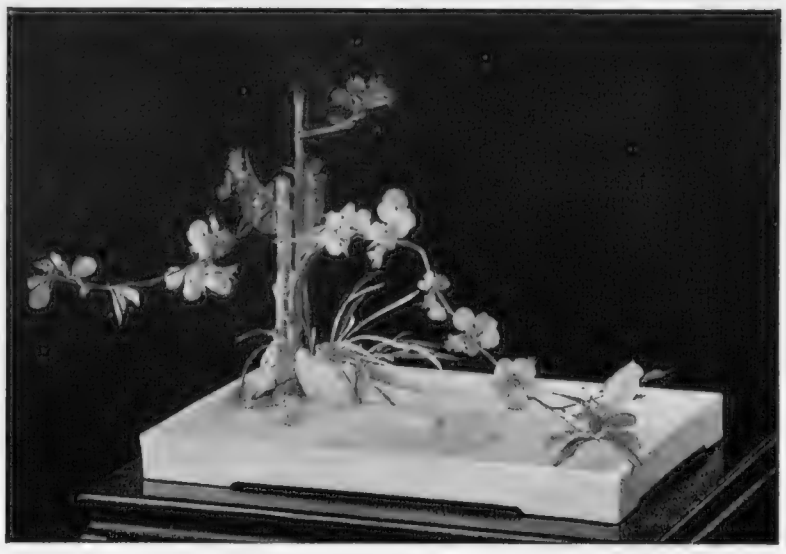
Mr. Don Tracy has given these events the unusual background of the Maryland coastline, not far from Baltimore, where the traditional conflict of black men and white has never been as evident as it is in the South, and for that very reason the horror of the scenes is more striking.

There is a hero, an unconvincing young gentleman who rants and theorises to his admiring girl friend and finally joins in the lynching, "damning things in whole, oblivious to argument, enthused into superlatives and extremes." He only helps a little to add weight to Mr. Tracy's indictment of lynching as a foul and contagious excitement.

I read it with interest skipping, I admit, the two most detailed pages of cruelty and beastliness and getting an impression of a vivid and forceful writer who would have made, and perhaps has been, an excellent reporter.



"JAPANESE FLOWER ARRANGEMENT FOR MODERN HOMES" is the subject of an exquisitely printed volume which Putnam's have just published for Margaret Preininger, and in which the author describes with intriguing detail what an exact science this has become in the East and what a significance it has symbolically. The triangular principle, which is depicted in the above drawings and in the display of quince blossoms on the right, is one of the most effective arrangements. In this the primary, secondary, and tertiary stems, symbolising respectively Heaven, Man, and Earth, are placed in certain clearly-defined positions in the bowl, producing a most striking result. There are a host of variations of different degrees of formality and informality

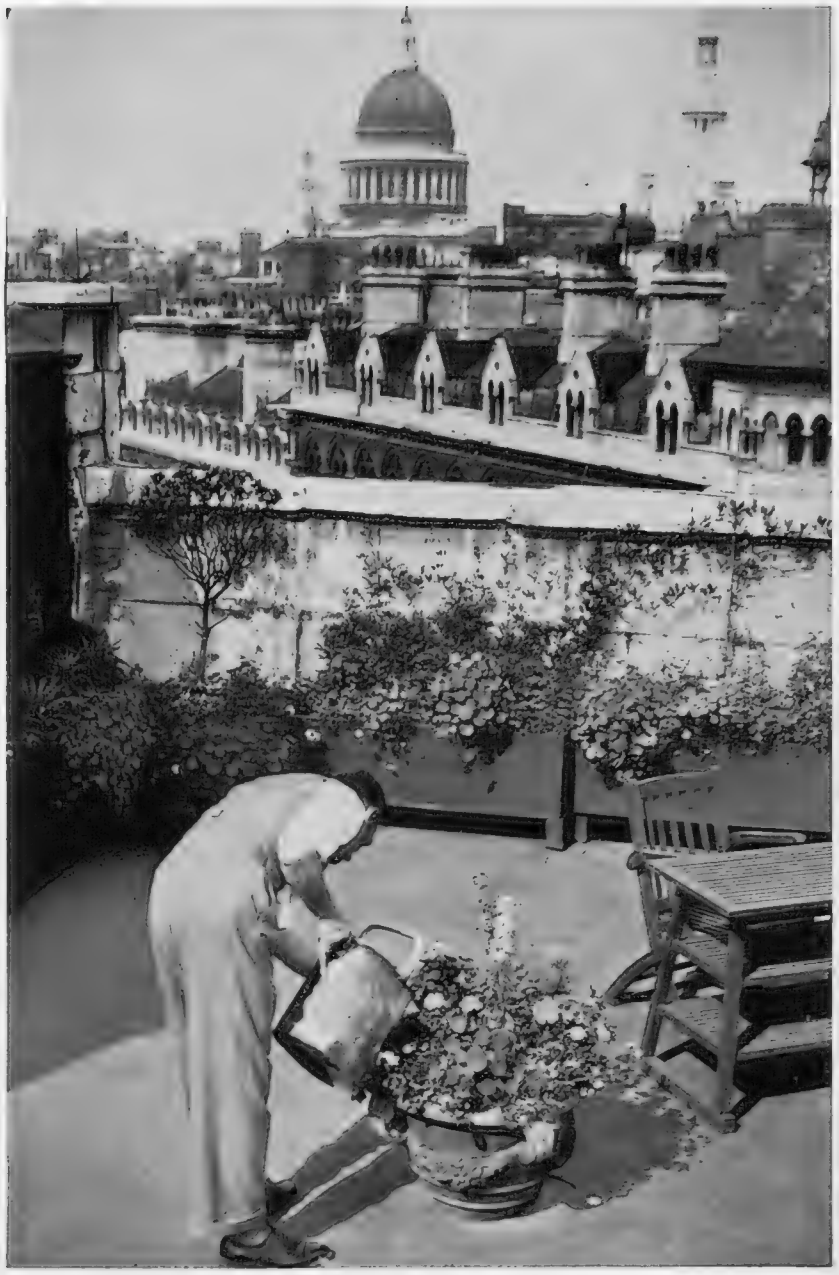


BOOKS RECEIVED

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY.—THE FIFTH HORSEMAN. By Robert W. Chambers. 7s. 6d. COLLINS.—DEAD PUPPETS DANCE. By Philip Thornton. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. CAPTAIN SAMSON, A.B. By Gavin Douglas. 7s. 6d. THE RISING TIDE. By M. J. Farrell. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—THE HEATHS AND THE HUBBELLS. By Nelia Gardner White. 7s. 6d. COUNTRY LIFE.—MODERN PAINTING IN ENGLAND. By Mary Chamot. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—THE CROOKED CORONET AND OTHER MISREPRESENTATIONS OF THE REAL FACTS OF LIFE. By Michael Arlen. 7s. 6d. FAREWELL SPAIN. By Kate O'Brien. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. DOWN THE PROUD STREAM. By Carl Fallas. 7s. 6d. THEY SEEK A COUNTRY. By Francis Brett Young. 8s. 6d. HURST & BLACKETT.—"CHARMINA" ON THE RIVIERA. By E. Keble Chatterton. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. MACKAY.—HIGHLAND PONIES AND SOME REMINISCENCES OF HIGHLANDMEN. By John M. Macdonald. Illustrated. 6s. MACMILLAN.—THE SHIP'S HUSBAND: A Guide to Yachtsmen in the Care of Their Craft. By Harold Augustin Calahan. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. DEAR YOUTH. By Barbara Wilson. 12s. 6d. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—THE MEN I KILLED. By Brig.-General F. P. Crozier. 8s. 6d. THE NEW REPUBLIC, or Culture, Faith, and Philosophy in an English Country House. By W. H. Mallock. 3s. 6d. THE SPEECHES OF CHARLES DICKENS. Edited and prefaced by R. H. Shepherd. 3s. 6d. THE DANGEROUS ISLANDS. By Clifford Gessler. Illustrated. 15s. OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.—THE WISDOM OF THE SIMPLE AND OTHER STORIES. By Constance Holme. (The World's Classics.) 2s.

EVER CHANGING LONDON

New Buildings Come and Old Institutions Go



HIGH UP AMONG THE CHIMNEY POTS in the very heart of the city, the Lady Mayoress, Lady Broadbridge, has made this garden in a corner of the Mansion House's spacious roof. It is a charming spot, with nasturtiums, larkspur, and other hardy plants thriving there despite the grime of London's atmosphere. Neighbouring Adelaide House is another city building with just such a garden

ALBIN'S IS CLOSED: This, one of the last of the law wigmakers in the Temple, a seventeenth-century shop that has captured the imagination of many an American tourist, is now shut. Quite an air of mystery surrounds it, for it is known that another firm in the same business is continuing in the payment of the rent, although at the time of writing the future of the place is uncertain

On right—GEORGIAN DIGNITY: This magnificent residence, standing on the site of the old St. Dunstan's Home for Blinded Ex-servicemen, in Regent's Park, is being built for Countess Haugwitz Reventlow (the former Barbara Hutton) and her husband. By the autumn it will be ready for occupation

NEW EXHIBITION CENTRE COMPLETED: An air view of the vast building at Earl's Court, which will soon be rivalling Olympia as the scene of sporting functions and industrial displays. It is said to be the largest reinforced concrete structure in Europe, containing 138,000 tons of concrete, 10,000 tons of steel, accommodation for 23,000 spectators in the main hall, and covering an area of just over 9 acres. The total cost has been in the neighbourhood of £1,250,000

THE BOMBED LONDON OIL TANKER REACHES HOME: The *British Corporal*, which was attacked by bombing planes off Algiers on August 6, reached the Thames last week little the worse for her alarming experiences. A strong British protest has, at the time of writing, produced no admission of responsibility from General Franco

A GIANT LANGUISHES: The S.S. *Leviathan*, once the pride of America's ocean going liners and the largest passenger-carrying vessel on the Atlantic, now lies idle and decaying at her pier at Hoboken, New Jersey; but there is a possibility that Britain, so much in need of raw material, may buy her for scrap

The Fate of the "Implacable"

Will this Wonderful Old Training Ship of "Many Ghosts" Have to Go, or will some Public Spirited Person Come to her Aid?

FIVE years ago *Implacable*, 74-gun ship, was removed from Falmouth, where she had lain for so many years, and towed round to Portsmouth to be restored by the Society for Nautical Research and converted into a holiday training ship for young people. She arrived in Spithead at daybreak on the glorious June 1, and anchored there to receive on board an honorary crew of cadets from *Victory*, *Excellent*, *Vernon*, and *Dolphin*.

A lieutenant in the navy and a bugler took station at the break of the poop, and when *Implacable* glided slowly past the Hot Walls of old Portsmouth and up the harbour, "The Still" was sounded as each ship was passed and the salute returned by their guards. So, instead of completing her last journey at sea as an unhonoured hulk, the wonderful old two-decker with battle honours of a past age to conjure with, entered the place of her last service as an equal with the *Victory*. It must have been a dramatic moment when *Implacable* and Nelson's veteran flagship received each other's greeting, for *Implacable* fought at Trafalgar under Admiral Villeneuve.

When she was towed round to Portsmouth someone asked her Superintendent if he had made a good passage, "Yes" he replied, "but her deck was crowded with ghosts!"

A few weeks later she was joined by her fellow training ship, the 1817 frigate *Foudroyant*, and the two stately wooden walls lay in line ahead in Fareham Lake, swinging slowly with the tide; but their peace was not for long—and it is here that Mrs. Scrub Ammicks comes in.

Implacable possesses a presiding genius in the person of her Medusa figure-head—a majestic lady who would be tolerably good looking if she were not making such a terrible grimace. However, her Superintendent says she doesn't really mean to be disagreeable—her sinister expression owes its origin to the fact that Napoleon declared war again just as *Implacable* was being repaired in Devonport Yard (she was captured from the French a few weeks after Trafalgar) and down came the admiral and up went Medusa—and *Implacable* rightly described the feelings of the Admiralty.

But Medusa is not her real name—that was discovered in this wise:—the Superintendent once overheard two seamen talking—"I should walk wide of the first Lootenant this morning" says one to the other—"'e 'as that narsty, Monday morning, scrub 'ammick look abaht 'im!" The Superintendent retired to his cabin on board *Foudroyant* chortling, and repeating to himself "scrub 'ammick look abaht 'im!" Just then he happened to glance up (his cabin overlooked *Implacable's* bows) and he caught Medusa's wooden eye fixed upon him—"scrub 'ammick look" he murmured as he gazed back—"scrub 'ammick look." The old lady winked, "that's me," she said, "Mrs. Scrub 'Ammicks yer Honour, and very much at yer service." From that moment her reign began.

The training season lasts from January till October, and parties of sea scouts, Navy League cadets, public-school boys and germy little urchins from the slums, succeed each other in staying on board the ship and in receiving instruction in the greatest of England's traditions—discipline, service, and seamanship. Under Mrs. Scrub Ammicks' expert eye they learn sailing and boatwork of every description, practical and theoretical—they learn too, something of incalculable value—how to become efficient members of a real ship's company.

To-day the fate of *Implacable* establishment hangs in the balance—at present relying on voluntary contributions, *Implacable* Committee will be unable to continue unless an annual £3,000 is guaranteed. If help is not forthcoming the two glorious old ships will have to be scrapped at the end of the season. The prospect is deplorable—we cannot afford to lose what provides a national monument to our maritime past, and so active an asset to the country's youth.

Veronica Haigh

The following are some of the outstanding dates in the history of the Implacable: ***1793***—*Built by the French and sent to Toulon shortly before Admiral Hood took possession of the port. Set on fire but saved by Republicans.* ***1802***—*Went to West Indies to assist in suppressing Toussaint's rebellion.* ***1805***—*In the van of French Fleet at Trafalgar and later captured by Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Strachan.* ***1808***—*Now a British warship, she co-operated with the Swedes against the allied Powers of Russia, Denmark, and France in the Baltic.* ***1809***—*Helped to attack eight Russian gunboats.* ***1840***—*Assisted in blockade of Syrian coast to prevent any further Egyptian advance against Turkey.* ***1842***—*Paid off at Devonport.* ***1855***—*Became a training-ship.* ***1908***—*Put on the sale list but saved through public-spiritedness of G. Wheatly Cobb.*

THE KENTISH "KNOCK," the well-known lightship that usually stands watch over shipping in the Thames Estuary, is now in dry dock at North Shields where she is undergoing an extensive overhaul after three years of continuous service. The men on the platform below are scaling her sides and marking those plates needing replacement

THE "IMPLACABLE" TO-DAY: The great cable bitts (*above*) and the lower deck with its line of Doric stanchions (*right*) on the first *Implacable*, the fate of which now hangs so perilously in the balance. She and the *Victory* are the sole survivors of the ships that fought at Trafalgar, and she is the last of the numerous French prizes of Napoleonic days. She was built in a French dockyard—probably Rochefort—and was brought round to Toulon early in 1793, remaining there until the following August when Admiral Lord Hood and the British Mediterranean Fleet took possession of the town and dockyard in the name of Louis XVII. As the British retired from the place in haste, however, the *Duguay Trouin*, as she was then called, was left behind and fell into Republican hands. In 1802 she was sent to the West Indies to assist in suppressing the rebellion of Toussaint L'Ouverture at San Domingo, having an adventurous passage

AUTUMN SUITS

Paris Uses Colour, Pockets, and Flat Furs to Emphasise New Lines

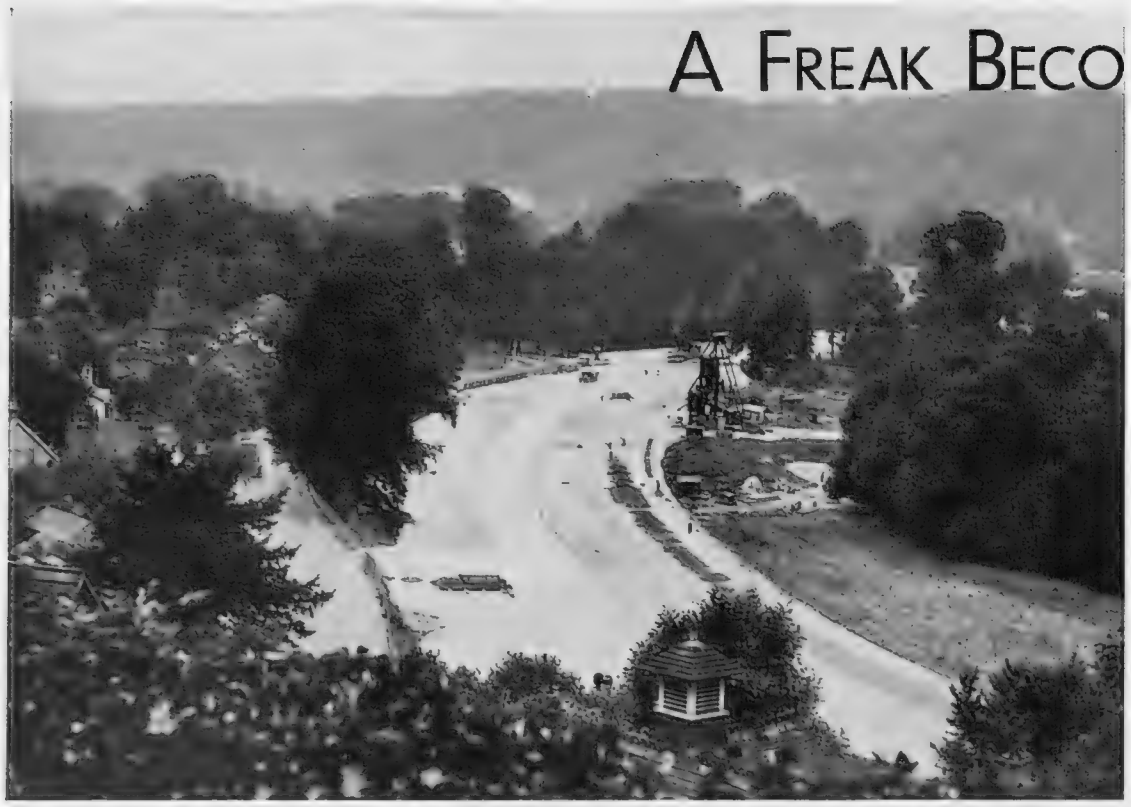
Enormous plaids and checks stand out in every Collection, always in brilliant colours. Immediately below is a neatly tailored autumn coat in a bright blue and grey check. Hermes have made it with a flat, almost square, collar, and have carried the sleeves up to the neckline

First and foremos:—all fitted jackets are longer. Back to the classic hip length. Shoulder lines are squared but not stressed, and pockets are important. Above is a country suit in coral and brown tweed, with three pockets, and two wide box pleats at the front of the skirt. It is worn with a plain coral coloured overcoat with a brown fur collar

A quite new silhouette is shown in the coat photographed above. It falls loosely from the shoulders, with slight fullness at the back, where it slopes to a point, and much of its interest centres in the shaved lamb sleeves and the huge bow at the neck. Made by Gaston in aubergine wool, the fur is close and fine and is dyed to tone

In the suit on the left a contrasting material is used to relieve a simple suit. This is a thing that Paris is doing again and again, sometimes achieving the same results with flat furs or with vivid pipings. Heim makes this suit in blue with a striped waistcoat-front and diagonally-striped blue gloves

Having flirted with colours in the spring, Paris is again bestowing all her allegiance on black. But always it is black allied with bright shades. In the suit on the far left you can see how Heim uses black with chamois yellow, and how he cuts the hip-length jacket straight across the front of the definitely curved waist—a line that Rochas also does



SPEED-UP ON A COASTAL ARTERY: This new by-pass on the London—Worthing road will play a big part in relieving the traffic jams that are such an unpleasant feature at Leatherhead and Mickleham, particularly during the week-end rush

A FREAK BECOMES ORTHODOX

How Wolseley's Departed From Normal Practice and Started a Fashion in the Motoring World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY,
M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(*Clerk of the Course, Brooklands*)

NOT so long ago, perhaps four or five years, Wolseley's brought out one model on which the engine had been fitted in such a position that the radiator was well ahead of the front axle. This break-away from the orthodox was prompted by a desire to give increased space to the occupants of a small car. From an appearance point of view the car was definitely ugly, but thousands of owners were prepared to sacrifice looks for comfort. Nowadays practically every car has its radiator well ahead of the front axle; if not the radiator, at any rate, the decorative grill which covers it. It is really quite remarkable that what was looked upon as a freak a few years back is now accepted as general practice, and we have become so accustomed to the altered look of a car occasioned by this alteration of the engine's position that we no longer regard it as tending to make a car look ugly.

It is not always that a freakish design, if I may use that term without in any way intending to be nasty, is allowed to carry on for a sufficient length of time to enable it gradually to change into the orthodox. Some years ago we had some extravagant examples of streamlining, but the British market never took kindly to this departure. I suppose people do not like to own or drive a freakish-looking vehicle unless it gives some corresponding advantage.

The other day I was examining the engine under the bonnet of one of those popular tiny foreign cars which are now seen on the roads of this country in such large numbers. Until the bonnet was lifted up I did not realise that the radiator is actually fitted behind the engine. This arrangement was, of course, peculiar to the well-known Renault car for many years, in fact it is not so long ago that they dropped the arrangement and placed their radiator in the orthodox position. It is, therefore, rather curious to find another equally well-known manufacturer starting where Renault left off. In these days when the actual radiator is seldom, if ever, seen at all from the outside of the car and the tendency is also to make the dummy grill or shell slope more and more, it would not surprise me if some of our British manufacturers soon followed suit.

In pre-war days, when engines and their components were nothing like so reliable as they are in these times, it was a very great advantage to be able to lift up the one-piece bonnet from the front of the car and then be able to work on the engine without any interference from a radiator. Cooling systems to-day have been so improved that there should be little or no difficulty in the circulation system working properly with a saddle-shaped radiator placed behind the engine.

Apparently there is an unwritten law that the Minister of Transport should never drive his own car or even anybody else's. Presumably the reason which prevents him from obtaining actual experience on the roads for which he is responsible is that he might become involved in an accident which might lead to awkward questions in Parliament and perhaps place the Minister in a curious position if he were dragged before the local Bench. Personally, I think it would be better to grant the Minister immunity from prosecution than to allow the present state of affairs to continue.

The present Minister or any future holder of the office will never appreciate properly the conditions of the roads to-day or in the future unless he drives his own car, rides his own motor-cycle, or pedals his cycle along the highway. It is not the same thing to sit beside or behind a chauffeur. Nor will much be learnt by standing at the side of the road and watching the traffic go by. What Mr. Burgin expects to discover from an aeroplane passes my comprehension. True, he may get an excellent bird's-eye view of any particular highway but I reckon that he can get all he wants in this direction by studying an up-to-date ordnance map.

It will indeed be a pity if Ministers of Transport are never to be allowed to drive their cars on the roads. After all, persons holding even more important offices in their respective countries drive their own cars.

AFTER A SEVEN YEARS' FIGHT in the face of technical and financial difficulties, the French authorities have at last succeeded in building this fine motor road over the Col d'Iséran in Savoy. Though the top of the pass is 9,085 ft. above sea level the Phantom Rolls depicted here took the slope with the greatest ease

On right—DRIVING ON ROUTE No. A 6 IN WESTMORLAND is a positive pleasure since it has been divided up. This picture was taken near Levens Bridge

Recently it was announced that there is a scheme afoot to build a 100-mile road in Lancashire which would by-pass many important towns and crowded areas and that nothing but motor cars are to be allowed on the road. I wonder if such a scheme will ever come to fruition. We have such roads in other countries and to me it is the most sensible solution to our present difficulties. The money spent in tinkering with our present totally inadequate highways would not require much added to it in order to construct a whole net-work of special motor roads. We could then leave the existing highways to be used by all other traffic except cars.

Personally, I do not think that motorists would object to paying a toll to use these roads and so any capital which had to be borrowed would produce an ample return for the money invested. Whilst on this subject of roads it is really remarkable that the authorities are so lacking in common sense. Only the other day I noticed a newly-constructed highway, which has two carriageways, being dug up for the repair or laying down of new drains, gas-pipes or electric cables. To any ordinary individual it would be obvious that the only sensible place to put pipes or cables on such a road would be underneath the grass-verge between the carriageways. Our local authorities, however, think otherwise and we all have to suffer. Perhaps now that the Ministry have taken over control of most of the main highways this folly will cease.

In London the car parking problem is becoming more and more serious. I cannot see that anything has been done to help motorists to park their cars near places which they, themselves, wish to visit. In fact the position is such that if a driver has the temerity to drive his car up to the West End he will probably spend over half-an-hour looking for a place where he can leave his car without getting himself into trouble.

Even when he does find a car park he must be more than careful to watch the clock and see that he does not overstay his rather chilly welcome. A time limit owing to the paucity of the car parks must of necessity be imposed but, I think, a little latitude might be allowed in hard cases and I wonder if it is necessary for able-bodied policemen to be detailed to take the numbers of the cars as they arrive and time them in and out. It seems to me a most undignified job and an unnecessary expense to the ratepayer.

It is about time too that the lighting regulations at car parks should be amended. It is really absurd for twenty, fifty, or even a hundred cars to have their lights on while they are in a park. In many places the authorities do not insist on this measure but there are still far too many where the lights must be kept burning.

CLUBBERWOCKY

(re-played from "Alice")

'Twas niblig and the tweeded droves
Did wag and swipe as they offplayed,
All uppish were the caddicoves
With the golf bags arrayed.

"Beware the Potterhunt, my son,
The jaws that boast, the score that's scratch.
Beware the clubclub man and shun
The graspious medal match."

He took his smashie club in hand,
Long time the Pothunt foe he fought;
So rested he by the thirteenth tee
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in sportish thought he stood,
The Potterhunt with eyes of flame
Came boasting up with his new wood
And blurbled of his game.

"All square, beware," he thought and thought,
The driver head went sweeply back;
He laid it dead and was ahead
And came oneupping back.

"And hast thou slain the Potterhunt,
What is the secret, man inspired?"
"Guinness a day—I always say
Have Guinness when you're Tired."

'Twas Nuncheon and the tweeded mass
Gave putter up for nibble-spoon,
All downish was the Guinnessglass
For strengthly afternoon.

G.E. 684A

JOURNALISTS ARE NEWS

(Continued from page 330)

collection, with a few exceptions, would have been dictaphone records, for turning on to suit each arrival: politics, where to go in Montmartre, how to visit the battle area, the best restaurants for ravioli and bouillabaisse, where to see things you shouldn't, and so on.

But those were the more spacious days since departed; and how they were abused. The amount of fake, infernal cabling, and 'phoning emanating from the untouchable victors in the 'twenties indubitably conducted to the gradual spread of censorship now covering the Continent far and wide. Little enough of that wild faking is left. The seeded and weeded correspondents of grim 1937 are, and have to be, a more seriously orientated brew and crew.

Foreign correspondents to-day can be sharply split in twain: those regimented and writing to the order of their regimes—as the hundred in uniform who mustered for the Sicilian manœuvres—and the democratic typewriters. But the latter require to be split up again into the Ebbutt school and into men writing under office influence or instructions. These, you may say, colour the news, sometimes violently. I know of only one faker still operating abroad, and one would like to see him vanish for the ill-repute he brings on colleagues.

Mention of faking reminds of the loss of a valued friend. For months he received advices showing that agency messages were being given front page prominence over his own. In vain did he point out that time almost regularly proved the "featured" stories to be untrue. Unable to bring himself to invent or even elaborate, he saw his job slipping, broke under the strain, and ended his life.

Because they never could take up the one thing that mattered, faking, I gradually seceded from one foreign press association after the other. Better to be accredited just to oneself: one could always slip into this and that occasion, as I am wont to slip into the best survival, the fortnightly Anglo-American lunch in Paris. Hither come the "hot" personalities of the hour, when their one mistake is to hand out propaganda, for then does the *vin rosé* recommence to circulate with abandon.

One quite unfair source of worry for the foreign correspondent concerns the holding of him responsible for anything that may appear in his paper, emanating from the country to which he is assigned. Russia is particularly hot on this. Some roving "special" or perhaps not a journalist at all but someone with a name or some belle dame spreading herself, visits Russia and later gets his (or her) reactions off his chest. They appear in print, and the resident man is called over the coals; and if it goes on . . .

A more serious handicap has to do with the ever-growing list of people, men and women, who pose as foreign correspondents. How often does one read

CONTINUATIONS

"described as a journalist." It is the same abroad. You commit some heinous offence and then describe yourself as a journalist. Assassins do so now and again. There is no journalistic statute for the F.C. and, these delicate times, there ought to be. Anyone can have "journalist" put on his passport.

We have seen that there are over eighty so-called German correspondents in London. The great majority are just under so much camouflage, with an intermittent *bona fides*, Herr Doktor and the like who may write an article for some obscure review once in a peacock-blue moon.

The mortality or moving on of foreign correspondents is pronounced, mainly the first, and it has not been lessened by the deaths of eight in the new warfare in Spain. Hardly half-a-dozen of the scores who were in Paris a decade ago are there to-day. It can be a hard life, and, if not that, a nerve-racking one; and not so good for wives who have to wait and wait, since a man's length of day and duty is wholly dependant on what has happened in his world.

AMERICA'S REIGNING FAMILY

(Continued from page 336)

which has resulted in comment by the public ranging from sharp criticism to enthusiastic approbation.

Mr. Roosevelt knew very well that a large section of the public would not approve politically his winter fishing trips as a guest aboard Vincent Astor's ocean-going yacht, but he felt that this was his own affair and he acted accordingly.

Mrs. Roosevelt in her turn declined to be packed in cotton wool as "First Lady of the United States," to be brought out for show only on specified occasions, and continued her work as well as her travels by train or air, or most frequently in her open automobile, which she drives herself.

This distinguished couple have applied in the same way to their children the family rule that each member is an individual accountable only to good taste and to himself for his conduct. Their ideals of family life have been severely tried on two occasions, but despite political or other considerations Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt refrained from interfering when two of their children involved the family name in the divorce courts.

They were grieved and perhaps shocked but they would have considered themselves presuming to interfere with individuals who were independent and adult persons, even though these individuals were their children.

Thus Mrs. Roosevelt endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation between her second son, Elliot, and his first wife, Mrs. Donner Roosevelt of Philadelphia, but did not interfere with a divorce. Since Mr. Elliot has married the former Miss Ruth Googans of Fort Worth, Texas, Mrs. Roosevelt has both entertained and visited them. On the other hand, since Elliot's divorce and remarriage, she has on more than one occasion had Mrs. Donner Roosevelt's son as a guest among her other grandchildren in the White House nurseries.

The second divorce in the family occurred when Mrs. Boettiger separated from her first husband, Mr. Curtis Dall, father of her two children, and later married Mr. Boettiger.

Both of these divorces occurred in the President's first Administration. They might conceivably have had a considerable adverse effect on his political fortunes, but he did not interfere.

Probably no family which has occupied the White House has ever drawn as careful distinctions between that which is public and that which is private in the realm of the social sphere.

A MODERN CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 347)

his head bloody but unbowed even in death. The guide pointed simply to the ground. There amid the grey stones was a squarish, pinkish brick—a brick which seemed still palely dyed with blood.

Horror of that "Murder in a Cathedral" gripped us.

It was still with us when we moved into the crypt. I do not think it was dissipated till we emerged again into the sunshine.

I returned to London in another coach with another set of pilgrims. We had another conductor—an older man with a roguish eye. He said nothing when a young couple produced a wireless set. We got that latest "song success":

"If my dog loves your dog,
And your dog loves my dog . . . ."
I was still thinking of that pale pink brick,
"If your dog loves my dog . . ."

Suddenly, a vision came to my mind's eye—the ruddy-faced, white-haired horseman John Wesley, who for sixty years rode up and down the country, his bible in his hand. And I recalled his words as once he dismounted outside Canterbury Cathedral:—

"I hope God will again have much people in this place, who will worship him with more knowledge as their forefathers did . . ."

Then we swung sharply back to "If your dog loves my dog."

It may be that we have forgotten the true spirit of pilgrimage; but "Murder in a Cathedral" still grips.

This England . . .

Bournemouth from Branksome

OZONE, they say . . . sea air . . . the change will do you good. And so it is. Yet if we think upon it, the greatest good comes surely of the unaccustomed exercise we take. For of what use are the great airs under a wider sky if our lungs are not opened to them. What walkers we become, how we rejoice to feel the soil of another England (yet still our own) under the feet, and savour the sweet odours that sun and rain release. And when little-used muscles cry a halt, how grand to laze in the cool dim parlour of an inn before a Worthington—its tawny gleam a promise of new vitality drawn from our own rich earth.

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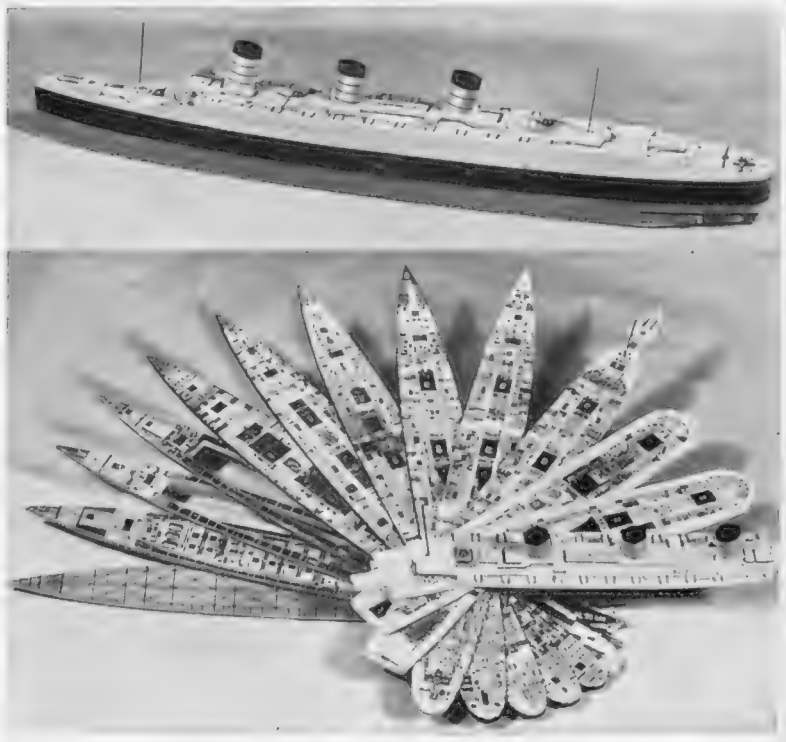

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HOSPITABLE HUNGARY

Antiquary, Music-Lover, Country-Lover, and Sportsman are Lured Alike to this Land of Wide Plains and Scenic Grandeur where the Tempo of Life is so Much More Leisurely than in Western Europe

ROMANTIC BUDAPEST: A night impression of the gay city, which, though a thriving capital, has also the nature of a cosmopolitan spa

IN these days of high industrial development it is refreshing to find a country whose life centres almost entirely on the cultivation of the soil. Such is Hungary. Her position, though, is not entirely a happy one; the sources of much wealth passed to a great extent into other hands on the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; and Hungary, shorn of great possessions, is to-day a country of only 9,000,000 souls. Still, in spite of these disasters she has bravely set herself to make good on the road to prosperity.

Other features will appeal strongly to different natures. To the historian Hungary represents the bulwark of Christendom against Islam through long years of struggle; to the music-lover she is the land of gipsy music and the birthplace of eminent composers; her plains are the sportsman's happy hunting-ground. Above all it is the essentially rural aspect of the country which strikes the visitor.

This countrified atmosphere is at the bottom of Hungary's great charm. Leavened by various centres where the distractions of civilised life have reached a high development, the country is particularly suitable for those people who, while anxious for the peace of quiet places for their holidays, yet like to be within reach of the pleasures of the modern spa or lake-side resort. And in this context of Hungarian existence you will be reminded of those days when life in England moved at a more leisured pace. You will recollect how in the pages of Jane Austen the squire and his family lived for the main part of the year on their estate and journeyed occasionally to London or to Bath for social diversion. Hungary has retained its own variety of this comfortable mode of living.

The Hungarian countryside is on the grand scale. The enormous expanse of the plains is made to seem even greater by the absence of hedges; the carpet of various crops from maize to opium poppy stretches apparently without end. It is on these plains that some of the best sport to be had in the world to-day is to be obtained.

This brings one to one of the major claims of Hungary to the intending visitor's attention. Famous as horsemen and shots it could not be expected that the Hungarians would fail to produce excellent sport for their guests, and of late years the organisation of shooting parties through such bodies as the Hubertus, Ibusz, and Egisz Companies has been brought to a state of high perfection. It is an added charm to one's visit that a shooting expedition to Hungary also usually entails staying with and living the life of one's host. Or, in the case of large parties, an entire ménage in charge of an English-speaking major domo may be put at the disposal of the visitors. There is a fascination about the feudal atmosphere of the great country houses.

The game-birds of the plains are the partridge and the pheasant. In the case of the former a hotter summer than ours means also earlier development and shooting begins in August. The bags compare favourably with and often excel those obtained on the best shoots of East Anglia. The pheasant too is well suited to the country and the fact that all are wild-bred birds makes for high flyers and good shooting. Of late years English methods of driving partridges have to a certain extent superseded the habitual walking-up. Compared with shooting at home the cost is moderate.

Another branch of shooting for which Hungary is famous is wildfowling. Every spring and autumn huge flocks of geese and duck pass and make their home for a month or two, the great track of level grassland known as the Hortobagy. And here, where crowds of semi-wild horses attended by their picturesquely dressed herds run loose all the year through, you may sight the wildfowl as they go to and from their feeding-grounds. Their multitude must be seen before any idea of their vast numbers can be gained. They run into many hundreds of thousands. There is an excellent rest house in the middle of the 120,000 acres of the Hortobagy where you may at once stay in comfort and at the same time have at hand the services of expert guides. October, November, and March are the best months for wildfowling. At other seasons the flats and swamps are left to the horses and cattle and the Fata Morgana, Hungary's special breed of mirage.

It is odd to have a spa as a capital; but Budapest is spoken of as such almost as often as it is mentioned in the latter category. Buda has also the advantage of being one of the gayest and pleasantest towns in Europe; and when you have seen the palace with its guards with their halberds and pepper-pot helmets, visited the excellent museums, taken several trips on the Danube, and sampled the night life there is always a swimming bath (with or without artificial waves) in which to relax. It is probably the most convenient city in which to combine sight-seeing, amusement, and treatment for such troubles as rheumatism and disorders of the heart in the world. Also the long struggle against the Turks made serious efforts at building impossible until the eighteenth century: the town is fortunate in the profusion of its buildings of this period. Of later date is the Cathedral of Esztergom on the right bank of the Danube. Notable for its fine dome it also possesses one of the best Renaissance relics in the country in the Bakocz Chapel which contains the red marble tomb of Thomas Bakocz, Primate of Hungary in the 15th century.

ON HUNGARY'S ROLLING PLAINS: Looking across a vast expanse of the Puszta, flat but certainly not characterless country, where the sportsman can enjoy the best of shooting

From Budapest you will probably wish to go to one of the resorts on the Balaton, Hungary's inland sea. Nowhere deep, this great lake is in consequence as easily warmed by the sun in summer as it is frozen to make a perfect and colossal ice-rink in winter. It is famous for its bathing beaches, its sailing and spas. Of these the best known are Balatonalmadi and Balatofüred. At either of these you will find pleasant surroundings in which to relax after the gaieties of St. Stephen's Week in the capital, which is just over.

Writing of churches and their treasures reminds me of the glorious textile work for which Hungary has been famous for long centuries. You will find proof of this in the magnificent coronation cloaks preserved in some of the museums and a constant modern reminder is the sight of the beautiful clothes still worn by the peasants. How much of this art is attributable to early contact with the Byzantine Greeks (the successors of whose embroidered robes still appear in the vestments of our clergy) and how much to native invention I leave to historians to say. Certainly the brilliant peasant dresses are not the least attractive part of the Hungarian scene.

Since its conversion to Christianity under the Saint-King, Hungary has been a faithful adherent to Rome and the profusion of fine churches and magnificent monasteries bears testimony to the strength of religion in the country. Of the latter one of the most interesting is Pannonhalma which was founded by St. Stephen himself; you may still see there his deed of grant. It contains also a notable collection of church plate and the largest library outside Budapest. Then at Pécs there is a superb Romanesque cathedral dating from the eleventh century and richly decorated with frescoes. At Tihany, at one of the prettiest parts of the shores of Lake Balaton, rise the monastery and church of the Benedictines. King Andrew I, founder of the Arpad dynasty, lies in the crypt.

Hungary then has much to offer. A land of unspoilt countrysides, of handsome people, and beautiful horses, famous for sport, and happy in the possession of healing springs it is also perhaps most notable for its tradition of hospitality handed down through a hundred generations of a people descended from the wandering tribes of the Dark Ages who considered murder a less sin than that of turning a stranger from the door. Tourists are less numerous in Hungary than in countries nearer home which is a considerable advantage. The intending visitor will find in *Hungary Yesterday and To-day*, published by Messrs. Grant Richards, a valuable guide in considering which to make the main objects of a visit to this country of plains, lakes, and hills.

Hugonaut

On right—FESTAL DAY IN THE STREETS OF MEZOKOVESD: Three men in the picturesque national dress they so delight to wear, with their quaint hats and embroidered aprons

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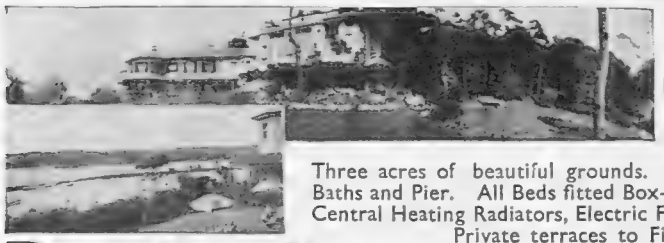

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In Quest of

September Holiday: Country: Some Old

SEPTEMBER is the month for sight-seeing, sunshine . . . and serenity. The peak period of the holiday season will be over. The roads will be freer, prices lower, all the paper bags should long since have been blown out to sea.

Let me emphasise that in specialising on the West Country this week, I do not want to belittle in any way the advantages of a September holiday anywhere else in Great Britain, and if your thoughts tend towards the Lake District, Scotland, the Isle of Wight, the Yorkshire Dales or elsewhere . . . it may be I can help you in bringing your plans to fruition. But for those who have a leaning towards the West, I will tell you of hotels I have stayed at more than once, and shall always look forward to returning to again.

Starting from London one morning, a halting place for lunch is the first objective and I should aim to do 100 miles or thereabouts by lunch time. Here, then, is my seeded list for the first day's halting place.

BATH (105 miles).—The Pulteney Hotel or the Spa Hotel. Both well deserved five star. Both hotels where one would expect to find excellent fare and a bottle, say, of 1933 Liebfraumilch Nibelungen Krone shipped by Langenbach.

MERE (Wilts., 102 miles).—The Old Ship Hotel, on the Amesbury-Wincanton road. A few minutes sojourn in the cocktail lounge, a lunch which I know would be good, and a half tankard would send me on my way rejoicing.

SHAFTESBURY (Dorset, 112 miles).—Coombe House, on the Salisbury-Yeovil-Exeter road. A country-house hotel; Dorset scenery, Dorset fare and a good place to forget that tubes, buses, and taxis play such a dominating part in one's everyday London life.

BLANDFORD (Dorset, 104 miles).—The Crown, run by one Paul Todd. Let me confess I have not been there as yet, but I am going, for Mr. Todd has I hear a goodly appreciation of the definition of "good living." I am told you will have a welcome here, a well-cooked meal, and in every respect those niceties which one would expect from a man of culture. To reach Blandford, either go via Salisbury or divert off the Wimborne-Dorchester road.

Now look up the map. Draw a line from Bath southward to the coast, and you will see I have selected a picked stopping place on every road, either of which would satisfy the most fastidious.

The first 100 miles is always something well accomplished, and at any of the hotels I have mentioned I must make due allowance for the fact that you will be in no mood to hurry on. So for the journey's end for the first night, and the probability that one night justifies staying even longer, I am going to take another line from Saunton in North Devon to Torquay on the south coast of Devon and give you a choice of hotels to stay at, the farthest of which is 199 miles from London.

Let me assume for the moment that you lunched at Mere, Shaftesbury, or Blandford and reluctantly and a little lethargically you started up the car, and set off. You may be in a mood to go no farther than Lyme Regis or Sidmouth, a matter of but 45 to 60 miles, assuming you took a straight course, not merely after lunch, but from London! At Lyme Regis I can tell you of three hotels.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address—

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Overlooking Rotten Row

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating, and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request.

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Half an hour from City and West End.

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AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS

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Tennis, Squash Rackets, Swimming, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.
FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).
Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

making in the West
Favourites Re-visited

Hotel Alexandra, Lyme Regis. From the roadway your impression may not be a very good one for it's an hotel which presents its best face to the sea, but once you have walked through on to the hotel lawns you will say as I did, "What a heavenly spot." It is excellently run, largely because the proprietor, Mr. A. H. Hinton, is always on the spot and it is an hotel which is almost as popular in winter as in summer.

Royal Lion Hotel, Lyme Regis. Proprietor, Captain R. R. Slater. A very old coaching house in the centre of the town. Very homely and comfortable. Excellent plain cooking and if you want to know all about the historic side of Lyme Regis and the attractiveness of the neighbourhood, get hold of Captain Slater for a yarn after closing time.

Stile House. I missed Mr. E. J. Leeming when I visited this essentially residential hotel but I was told on good authority that it is excellent, and from the little I saw I was favourably impressed. I do know that Mr. Leeming's son has had a practical experience as a chef, hence the high reputation Stile House has for its meals.

Sidmouth is 16½ miles on from Lyme Regis and I have already written before about those excellently run first-class hotels, the Victoria and the Fortfield. For smaller hotels I can recommend from personal knowledge, which has been more than once endorsed by others, the Torbay View Hotel (overlooking the Cricket Ground), the Royal York on the Esplanade, and the Riviera, facing the sea.

Now, assuming you have journeyed westwards by the Bath road, or via Mere, we will take another district—178–200 miles from London. It is all that area which has Exmoor as a superb background. For places to stay at let me again enhance my reputation by recommending Lee Abbey Hotel, Lynton, a most joyous spot. Holnicote House Hotel, close to Porlock and Minehead; the Dragon House at Washford; or 191 miles from London, the Saunton Sands Hotel, which is probably the newest and most up-to-date hotel in the West of England, Superb sea views, superb golf, sands which are Heaven itself for kids, and surf-bathing of a safe and sauntering type.

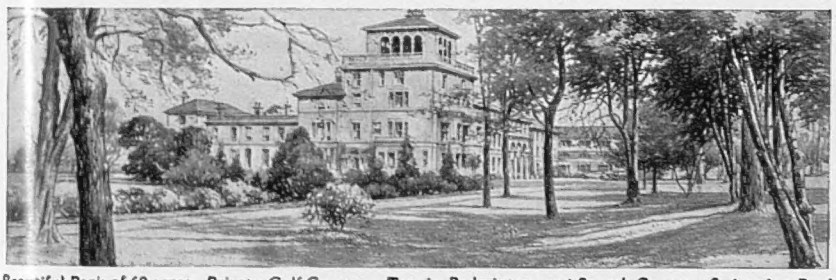
Saunton is one of the few unspoilt spots on our British seaboard, and there are reasons to believe that no spoliation would ever be tolerated there.

But if you would like a small, exceedingly well-run hotel on the borders of Devon and Somerset, and a perfect headquarters for the North Devon and Somerset coast, as well as Exmoor, make a note of Woodcote Hotel, Dulverton. Here is bijou luxury if ever there was, where you can live luxuriously with leniency to your purse.

One final hotel, and I must complete my recommendations for this week. If you go to Exeter, you must make for the Royal Clarence Hotel in the quiet of the Cathedral Close for a meal, for a night, or as more permanent headquarters.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE



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Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
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Bexhill-on-Sea.—Riposo Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Falmouth.—Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Hambleden.—Stag & Huntsman (Henley 4 miles).
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Wellington Hotel.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hinton (New Forest, Hants.).—East Close Htl.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Liss (Hampshire).—East Hill Country House Htl.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Seaton (Devon).—Royal Clarence Hotel. Tel. 15.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel. Tel. 3.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford.—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. Twyford 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4.
Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.).—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel. Tel. 9.
Aberfoyle.—The Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire (Sma' Glen).—Amulree Hotel.
Perthshire.—The Royal Hotel, Tyndrum.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.
Guernsey.—The Royal Hotel.

DRAMA: Reviewed by Philip Page

(*Continued from page* 343)

Old Music can, fortunately, be listened to in spite of this. It is constructed with such skill that it hardly needs melodramatic episodes. Mr. Winter makes his best effects with economy of words and action and is least effective when someone attempts what is intended to be awe-inspiringly dramatic.

The shooting of Tony, Judith's husband, I had expected from the moment his host, played with the correct old-world elegance by Mr. Gyles Isham, started to display and chat about his collection of firearms. What I did not expect was that the crime should have caused so little pother at the time and that wife and mistress should, thirty years later, talk it over with no more agitation than if one had said to the other, "Do you remember that pic-nic in Kew Gardens back in '61?"

Geraldine, the mistress and murderer, was cleverly made by Miss Greer Garson a nasty piece of work; her simperings, her selfishness, her animal appetites, and her limpet-like method of clinging on to anyone, even the wronged wife, who might help her, were almost ludicrously disgusting without even the borderland of caricature being reached.

Miss Celia Johnson had the actually, though not apparently, more difficult task of bringing to life the patient wife, married to Mr. Hugh Williams's temperamental and slightly bounderish hero. Miss Johnson scored a very big success.

So, too, did the little boy, Master Maule, to whom I would apply all that I have said above about his no less precocious sister. I only hope that so long as dramatists persist, for some inscrutable reason, in writing in a whale of a part for theatrical minnows, their minnows will show as many signs of aptitude as Les Maules.

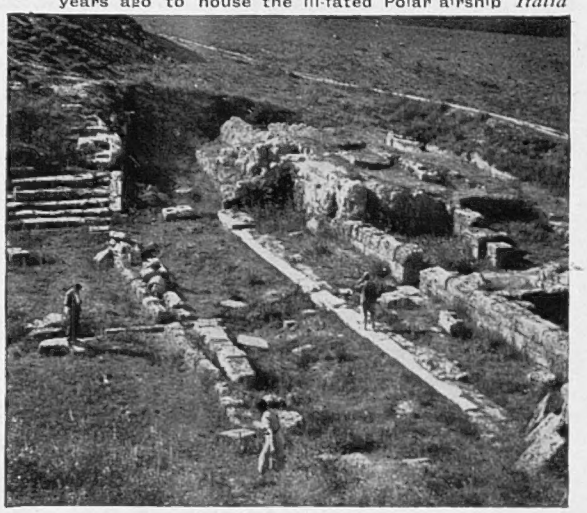
ABERHART OVER ALBERTA

(*Continued from page* 328)

Those disastrous years spelt stark ruin to hundreds of homesteaders in the West. There were other factors, too. There was world depression, low wheat prices, the universal sense of doubt and uncertainty everyone had laboured under since the war was won and the peace lost. You could do a number of things if you were a farmer out west, "bust," broke, owing more than you had got to the bank. You could go out quietly and shoot yourself in your own barn, you could cut your losses and light out for some other place, you could get on the bread line, or you could follow after strange gods, like the Israelites of old.

Hence Mr. William Aberhart, who is now thumbing his nose so sensationally in the face of the Dominion Government.

THE WORLD'S MOST NORTHERLY HOTEL: The North Pole Hotel in King's Bay, Spitzbergen, which was recently visited by passengers from the Royal Mail liner *Atlantis* during a cruise in northern waters. At the moment about nine guests are staying there, most of them being engaged in scientific research. On the left can be seen the framework of the hangar built some years ago to house the ill-fated Polar airship *Italia*



THE GREEK THEATRE AT SIKYON where on Sunday, September 12, the Athens Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulous, is to give a Mozart concert

Who is he? What manner of man is he, this ex-school-teacher who seems to have gained in so remarkable a degree the ear of the Alberta electorate? Large, fat, beaming, bespectacled, a reasonable enough sort of person to talk to until you begin to question the infallibility of his pet doctrines—that is one view of his personality. But there is another side to him. With him, this Social Credit business is no mere political theory. It is a creed. A faith. A fetish. The kind of thing men die for, fight for, go to the stake for. Listen to him "on the air" on a Sunday evening speaking from his so-many-thousand-dollar Prophetic Bible Institute! "Now, folks, you gotta listen to me. Social Credit's in the bible. It's right there and you can't get away from it. You've got to obey what it says in the Book." And what's more he believes it. Or he did when he started. Perhaps he may not be quite so certain about it now.

There are those in the know about Alberta politics who have a shrewd idea that Mr. Aberhart is the dog who is being wagged by the tail of his party. Already most of the moderate members of the Social Credit Caucus have been jettisoned by the extremists. Mr. Hugill, the Attorney-General, was the last victim. Quite likely Mr. Aberhart guesses that his rule as Premier would be a short one if he counselled moderation. The new Attorney General, Mr. Lucien Maynard, has been the leader of the hotheads from the beginning, and legal short cuts have always been his trump cards in critical situations.

Now the Dominion has at last called his bluff. What will be the outcome? Will the Provincial Government stage a serious resistance? Hardly. Or will—which seems a good deal more likely—Mr. Aberhart be glad to take the easiest way out of the jackpot in which he finds himself, and shift, if he can, on to the shoulders of the Dominion authorities the odium of his own unfulfilled promises to the workless and debt-burdened people of Alberta?

C. Fox Smith

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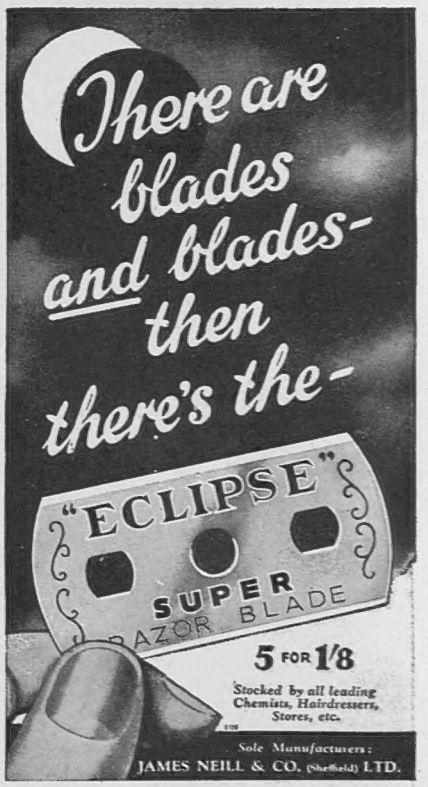

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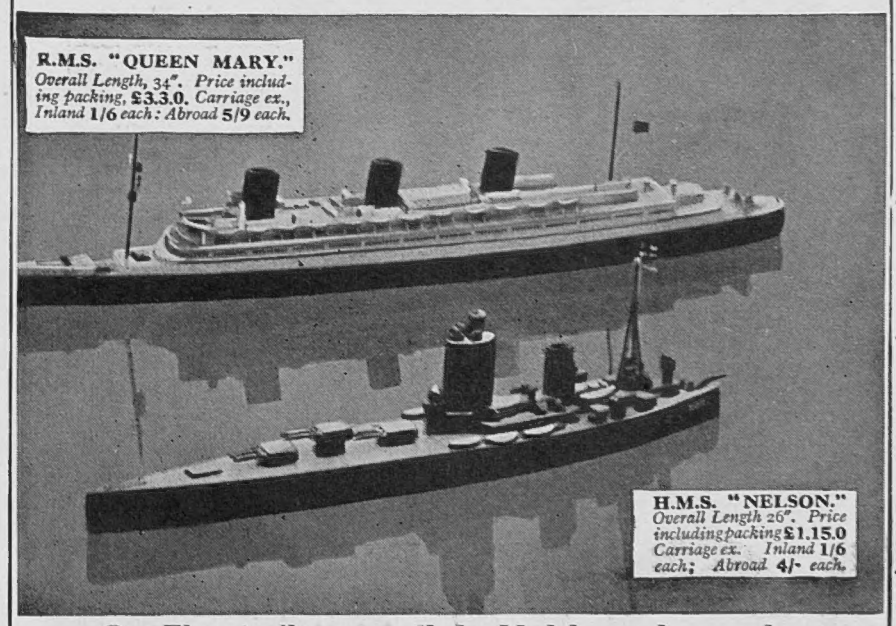

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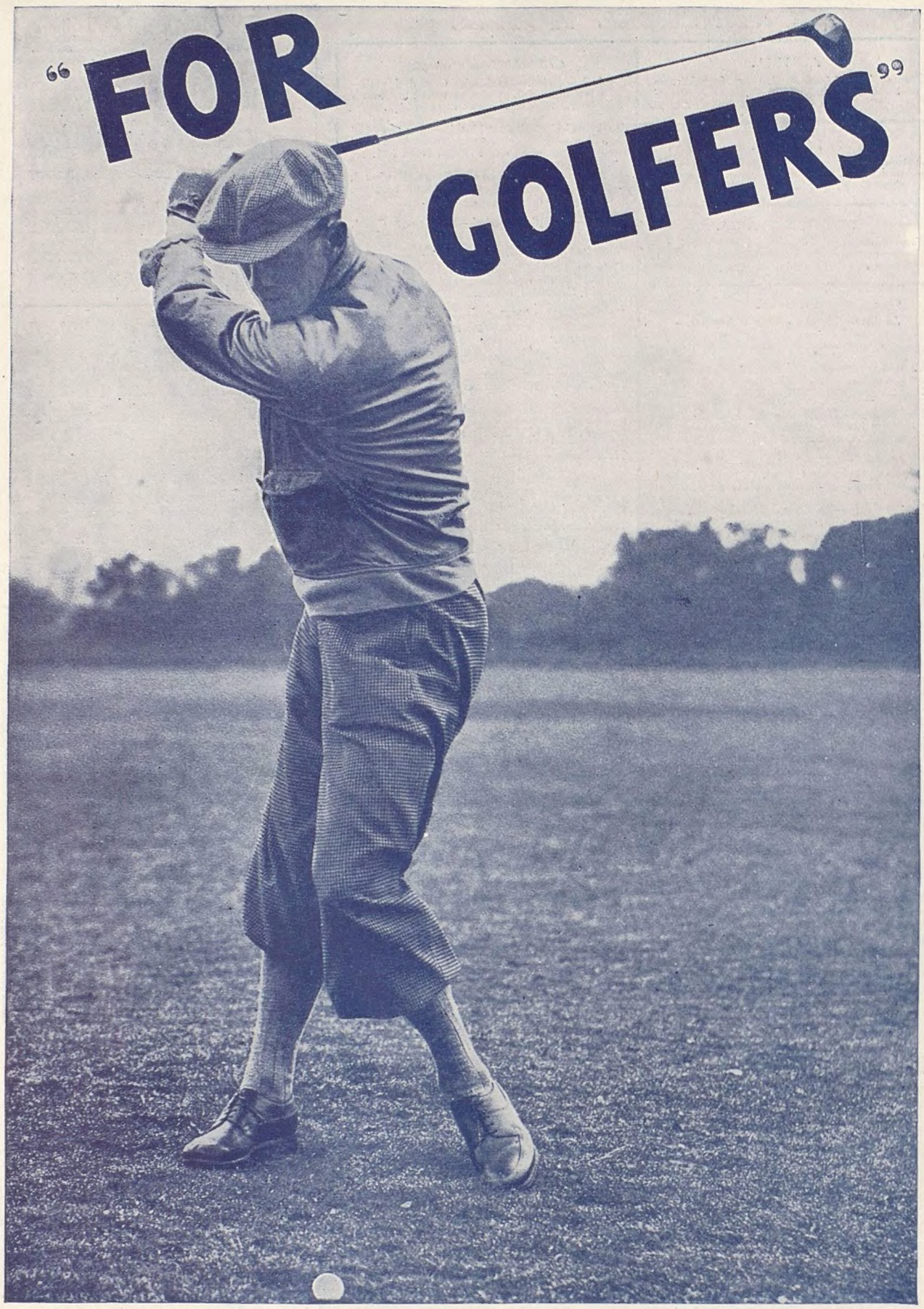

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